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veland Hoadley Dodge.

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME VI.

CONTAINING

THE FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

DUNCIAD,

AND HIS

Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse.

LONDON,
Printed for A. MILLAR; J. and R. TONSON;
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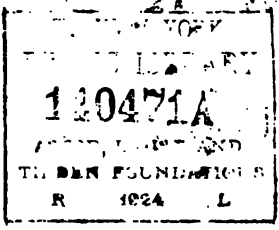

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THE

DUNCIAD:

BOOK the FOURTH.

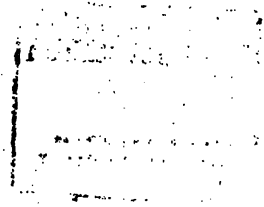
ARGUMENT.

The Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion *of the* Prophecies *mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new* Invocation; *as the greater Poets are wont, when ſome high and worthy matter is to be ſung. He ſhews the Goddeſs coming in her Majeſty, to deſtroy* Order *and* Science, *and to ſubſtitute the* Kingdom of the Dull *upon earth. How ſhe leads captive the* Sciences, *and ſilenceth the* Muſes; *and* what *they be who ſucceed in their ſtead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn*

about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Genius's *of the* Schools, *who assure her of their care to advance her Cause by confining Youth to* Words, *and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The* Universities *appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observ'd in the progress of* Education. *The speech of* Aristarchus *on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from* Travel *with their* Tutors; *one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their* Travels: *presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the*

happy quality of Want of Shame. *She ſees loitering about her a number of* Indolent Perſons *abandoning all buſineſs and duty, and dying with lazineſs: To theſe approaches the Antiquary* Annius, *intreating her to make them* Virtuoſos, *and aſſign them over to him: But* Mummius, *another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, ſhe finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantaſtically adorned, offering her ſtrange and exotic preſents: Amongſt them, one ſtands forth and demands juſtice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greateſt Curioſities in nature: but he juſtifies himſelf ſo well, that the Goddeſs gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the* Indolents *before-mentioned, in the ſtudy of* Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts, Moſs, *&c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond* Trifles, *to any uſeful or extenſive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Againſt the loſt of theſe apprehenſions, ſhe is ſecured by a hearty Addreſs from the* Minute Philoſophers *and* Free thinkers, *one of whom ſpeaks in the name of the reſt. The Youth thus*

inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus ; *and then admitted to taſte the Cup of the* Magus *her High Prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her Adepts ſhe ſends* Prieſts, Attendants, *and* Comforters, *of various kinds ; confers on them* Orders *and* Degrees ; *and then diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirming to each his* Privileges, *and telling what ſhe expects from each, concludes with a* Yawn *of extraordinary virtue : The Progreſs and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Conſummation of all, in the Reſtoration of* Night *and* Chaos, *conclude the Poem.*



Then blessing all, Go Children of my Care!—
To Practice now from Theory Repair.
All my Commands are easy short and ful
My Sons be Proud, be selfish and be dull.
Dunciad. &c

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkneſs viſible ſo much be lent,
As half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This Book may properly be diſtinguiſhed from the former, by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not ſo indeed in Size, but in ſubject; and ſo far contrary to the diſtinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Leſſer Iliad*. But much are they miſtaken who imagine this Work in any wiſe inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itſelf was the Work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomuomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. BENT.

VER. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet willing to approve himſelf a genuine Son, beginneth by ſhewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulneſs*) his high reſpect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dead or dark ſoever: Next declareth his paſſion for explaining Myſteries; and laſtly his Impatience to be *re-united* to her. SCRIBL.

VER. 2. *dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the Reſtoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

VER. 4. *half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never expreſs himſelf otherwiſe than by *halves*, or imperfectly. SCRIBL.

I underſtand it very differently; the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent*; there were in it *Myſterics* or ἀπόῤῥητα which he durſt not fully reveal, and doubtleſs in divers verſes (according to *Milton*)

---- *more is meant than meets the ear.* BENT

Ye Pow'rs! whoſe Myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suſpend a while your Force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forſook his bow'r,
The moon-ſtruck Prophet felt the madding hour:

REMARKS.

VER. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,*] Fair and ſoftly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place.) For ſure, in ſpite of his unuſual modeſty, he ſhall not travel ſo faſt toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done: For when I revolve in my mind the Catalogue of thoſe who have moſt boldly promiſed to themſelves Immortality, *viz. Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronſard Oldham,* Lyrics; *Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore,* Heroics; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkneſs. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his Commentator, to ſuffer our Poet thus prodigally to caſt away his Life; contrariwiſe, the more hidden and abſtruſe is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Underſtanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the ſame, in the face of Men and Angels. Herein ſhall we imitate the laudable Spirit of thoſe, who have (for this very reaſon) delighted to comment on *dark* and *uncouth* Authors, and even on their *darker* Fragments; preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and choſen to turn the dark Lanthorn of LYCOPHRON, rather than to trim the everlaſting Lamp of *Homer*. SCRIBL.

VER. 7. *Force inertly ſtrong,*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiæ of Matter*, which, though it really be no Power, is yet the Foundation of all the Qualities and Attributes of that ſluggiſh Subſtance.

VER. 11, 12. *Sick was the Sun,—The moon-ſtruck Prophet*] The Poet introduceth this (as all great events are ſuppoſed by

Then roſe the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.
She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,

REMARKS.

ſage Hiſtorians to be preceded) by an *Eclipſe of the Sun*; but with a peculiar propriety, as the Sun is the *Emblem* of that intellectual light which dies before the face of Dulneſs. Very appoſite likewiſe is it to make this *Eclipſe*, which is occaſioned by the *Moon's predominancy*, the very time when *Dulneſs* and *Madneſs* are in *Conjunction*; whoſe relation and influence on each other the poet hath ſhewn in many places, Book i. v. 29. Book iii. v. 5. & *ſeq.*

VER. 14. *To blot out* Order, *and extinguiſh* Light] The two great Ends of her Miſſion; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be underſtood extenſively, both as Civil and Moral; the diſtinctions between high and low in Society, and true and falſe in Individuals: *Light* as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

VER. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The Allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of Light or Science; *venal* to the deſtruction of Order, and the Truth of Things.

Ibid. *a new World*] In alluſion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Diſſolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos a new one ſhould ariſe; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles.

VER. 16. Lead *and* Gold,] *i. e.* dull and venal.

VER. 18. *all below reveal'd*,] It was the opinion of the Antients, that the Divinities manifeſted themſelves to Men by their *Back-parts* Virg. Æn. i. *et* avertens, *roſea cervice refulſit*. But this paſſage may admit of another expoſition.—Vet. Adag.

('Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)
Soft on her Lap her Laureate ſon reclines.

REMARKS.

The higher you climb, the more you ſhew yo
Verified in no inſtance more than in Dulneſs aſpiring
blematized alſo by an Ape climbing and expoſing his pc

VER. 20. *her Laureate ſon reclines*] With great judg
is imagined by the Poet, that ſuch a Collegue as Dul
elected, ſhould ſleep on the Throne, and have very lit
in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath do
or nothing from the day of his Anointing; having p
the ſecond book without taking part in any thing t
tranſacted about him; and through the third in profoun
Nor ought this, well conſidered, to ſeem ſtrange in o
when ſo many *King-conſorts* have done the like. S

This verſe our excellent Laureate took ſo to heart,
appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as *ſeldom aſlee*
"*fool?*" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured h
rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Li
ch. ix.) where he ſays "*the reader will be as much p*
"*find me a* Dunce *in my* Old Age, *as he was to prove m*
"blockhead *in my* Youth." Wherever there was an
for Briſkneſs, or Alacrity of any ſort, *even in ſinking*,
had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for
do but to take his natural reſt, he muſt permit his H
to be ſilent. It is from their *actions* only that Princ
their character, and Poets from their *works*: And if
he be *as much aſleep as any fool*, the Poet muſt leave h
them to *ſleep to all eternity*.

Ibid. *her Laureat*] "When I find my Name in the
"works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any
"meant to me, but PROFIT to himſelf. For he confid
"*my Face* is more *known* than moſt in the nation; anc
"*ſore a Lick at the Laureat* will be a ſure bait *ad ca*
"*vulgus*, to catch little readers." Life of Colley Cibber

Beneath her foot-ſtool, *Science* groans in Chains,
And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.
There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound;
There, ſtript, fair *Rhet'ric* languiſh'd on the ground;
His blunted Arms by *Sophiſtry* are born,
And ſhameleſs *Billingſgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Caſuiſtry* in Lawn,

REMARKS.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their ſucceſs to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanſwerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's laſt hand, and was by him intended for the Preſs: Or elſe to what purpoſe hath he crown'd it, as we ſee, by this finiſhing ſtroke, the profitable *Lick at the Laureate*? BENT.

VER. 21, 22, *Beneath her foot-ſtool, etc.*] We are next preſented with the pictures of thoſe whom the Goddeſs leads in Captivity. *Science* is only depreſſed and confined ſo as to be rendered uſeleſs; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, puniſhed, or driven away: *Dulneſs* being often reconciled in ſome degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be ſeen that ſhe admits ſomething *like* each Science, as Caſuiſtry, Sophiſtry, *etc.* but nothing like *Wit*, *Opera* alone ſupplying its place. P.W.

VER. 27. *by her falſe Guardians drawn,*] *Morality* is the Daughter of *Aſtræa*. This alludes to the Mythology of the ancient Poets; who tell us that in the *Gold* and *Silver* ages, or in the *State of Nature*, the Gods cohabited with men here on Earth; but when by reaſon of human degeneracy men were forced to have recourſe to a *Magiſtrate*, and that the Ages of *Braſs* and *Iron* came on; (that is, when Laws were wrote on brazen tablets inforced by the Sword of Juſtice) the Celeſtials ſoon retired from Earth, and Aſtræa laſt of all; and then it

Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulneſs gives her Page the word.
Mad *Mátheſis* alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for meer material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her extatic ſtare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muſes* lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye;

REMARKS.

was ſhe left this her Orphan Daughter in the hands of t *Guardian* aforeſaid. SCRIB

VER. 30. *gives her* Page *the word*] There was a Judge this name, always ready to hang any man that came befc him, of which he was ſuffered to give a hundred miſerable e amples during a long life, even to his dotage.--Tho' the ca did *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *P* or *Mute*, and to allude to the cuſtom of ſtrangling Sta Criminals in *Turkey* by *Mutes* or *Pages*. A practice more dece than that of *our Page*, who, before he hanged any one, load him with reproachful language. SCRIB

VER. 31. *Mad* Máthefis] Alluding to the ſtrange Co cluſions ſome Mathematicians have deduced from th principles, concerning the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Rea of Space*, *etc.*

VER. 33. *pure Space*] i e. pure and defæcated from Mat *extatic Stare*, the action of men who look about with f aſſurance of ſeeing what does not exiſt, ſuch as thoſe w expect to find *Space* a real being.

VER. 34. *running round the* Circle, *finds it ſquare.*] Regar the wild and fruitleſs attempts of *ſquaring the Circle.*

VER. 36. *Watch'd both by* Envy's *and by* Flatt'ry's *eye*] O of the misfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Act* for ſu jecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licenſer*, being the fa repreſentations to which they were expos'd, from ſuch either gratify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court

There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There ſunk Thalia, nerveleſs, cold, and dead,
Had not her Siſter Satire held her head:
Nor could'ſt thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe.

REMARKS.

Greatneſs, by perverting general Reflections againſt Vice into Libels on particular Perſons.

VER. 39. *But ſober* Hiſtory] Hiſtory attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their ſubſtitutes in the diſcharge of their diſtinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be aſked, How came *Hiſtory* and *Satire* to be admitted with impunity to miniſter comfort to the Muſes, even in the preſence of the Goddeſs, and in the midſt of all her triumphs? A queſtion, ſays *Scriblerus*, which we thus reſolve: *Hiſtory* was brought up in her infancy by Dulneſs herſelf; but being afterwards eſpouſed into a noble houſe, ſhe forgot (as is uſual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occaſioned a long eſtrangement between her and Dulneſs. At length, in proceſs of time, they met together, in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a ſecond quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reaſonable terms, and ſo are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance ſhewn to Hiſtory on this occaſion. But the boldneſs of SATIRE ſprings from a very different cauſe; for the reader ought to know, that ſhe alone of all the ſiſters is unconquerable, never to be ſilenced, when truly inſpired and animated (as ſhould ſeem) from above, for this very purpoſe, to oppoſe the kingdom of Dulneſs to her laſt breath.

VER. 49. *Nor could'ſt thou, etc.*] This Noble Perſon in the

When lo! a Harlot form ſoft ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid ey
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aſide:
By ſinging Peers up-held on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſta
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo ſpoke.
O *Cara! Cara!* ſilence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign:

REMARKS.

year 1737. when the Act aforeſaid was brought into the of Lords oppoſed it in an excellent ſpeech (ſays Mr. "with a lively ſpirit, and uncommon eloquence." This had the honour to be anſwered by the ſaid Mr. *Cibber*, ſively ſpirit alſo, and in a manner very uncommon, 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, Reader, would I gladly inſert the other ſpeech, w thou mighteſt judge between them: but I muſt defer account of ſome differences not yet adjuſted betw noble Author, and myſelf, concerning the *True Rea* certain paſſages.

Ver. 45. *When lo! a Harlot form*] The Attitude gi this Phantom repreſents the nature and genius of the Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate ſounds, and th tice of patching up theſe Operas with favourite Son coherently put together. Theſe things were ſuppo the ſubſcriptions of the Nobility. This circumſtan OPERA ſhould prepare for the opening of the grand S was propheſied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure fore-runner of her gentle ſway.

IMITATION.

VER. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]
Joy to great Cæſar—The beginning of a famous old

ic tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe:
l ſhall harmoniſe joy, grief, and rage,
e dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
ime notes thy ſons ſhall hum, or ſnore,
hy yawning daughters cry, *encore*.
Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
ıy jigs, and dances in my chains.
ah ſoon, Rebellion will commence,
meanly borrows aid from Senſe:

REMARKS.

4. *Ist Diviſion reign:*] Alluding to the falſe taſte of icks in Muſic with numberleſs diviſions, to the neg- t harmony which conforms to the Senſe and applies ſions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number and more variety of Inſtruments into the Orcheſtra, loyed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller. hich prov'd ſo much too manly for the fine Gentle- s age, that he was obliged to remove his Muſic into After which they were reduced, for want of Com- practiſe the patch-work above-mentioned.

5. *Chromatic tortures*] That ſpecies of the antient ed the *Chromatic* was a variation and embelliſhment, egularities, of the *Diatonic* kind. They ſay it was about the time of *Alexander*, and that the *Spartans* uſe of it, as languid and effeminate.

8. *Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;*] ate the *devotion* of the one by light and wanton ſubdue the *Pathos* of the other by recitative and

9. *Thy own* Phœbus *reigns,*]
ut jam regnat Apollo. Virg.
nciant *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern

Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL ſtand
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rouze, to ſhake the Soul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drum
Arreſt him, Empreſs; or you ſleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian ſhor

And now had Fame's poſterior Trumpet blov
And all the nations ſummon'd to the Throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.

REMARKS.

Phœbus of *French* extraction, married to the Princeſs *G thia*, one of the handmaids of Dulneſs, and an affiſt Opera. Of whom ſee *Boubours*, and other Critics o nation. Sc

VER. 71. *Fame's poſterior Trumpet*] *Poſterior*, viz. her or *more certain* Report; unleſs we imagine this word *p* to relate to the poſition of one of her Trumpets, acc to *Hudibras*:

She blows not both with the ſame Wind,
But one before and one behind;
And therefore modern Authors name
One good, and t'other evil Fame.

VER. 73. *The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway* In this new world of Dulneſs each of theſe three claſſe: its appointed ſtation, as beſt ſuits its nature, and conc the harmony of the Syſtem. The *firſt*, drawn only l ſtrong and *ſimple impulſe of Attraction*, are repreſented a ing directly down into her; as conglobed into her ſubſ and reſting in her centre.

----- *all their centre found,*
Hung to the Goddeſs, and cober'd around.

The *ſecond*, tho' within the ſphere of her *attraction*, ye

one need a guide, by ſure Attraction led,
nd ſtrong impulſive gravity of Head:
one want a place, for all their Centre found,
ung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.
ot cloſer, orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
he buzzing Bees about their duſky Queen.
The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
volves a vaſt involuntary throng,
ho gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
ll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confeſs.

REMARKS.

at the ſame time a *projectile* motion, are carried, by the npoſition of theſe two, in *planetary revolutions* round her ıtre, ſome nearer to it, ſome further off:

Who gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confeſs.

e *third* are properly *excentrical*, and no conſtant members her ſtate or ſyſtem: ſometimes at an immenſe diſtance n her influence, and ſometimes again almoſt on the ſurface her *broad effulgence*. Their uſe in their Perihelion, or reſt approach to Dulneſs, is the ſame in the moral World, hat of *Comets* in the natural, namely to refreſh and recreate dryneſs and decays of the ſyſtem; in the manner marked from ver. 91 to 98.

ER. 75. *None need a* guide,---*None want a* place,] The ſons Dulneſs want no inſtructors in ſtudy, nor guides in life: ey are their own maſters in all Sciences, and their own aids and introducers into all places.

ER. 76 to 101. It ought to be obſerved that here are e claſſes in this aſſembly. The firſt of men abſolutely and wedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddeſs, and are gined in the ſimile of the Bees about their Queen. The ſe- d involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her ience; from v. 81 to 90. The third of ſuch, as tho' not

Not thoſe alone who paſſive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cauſe.
Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one claſs admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

REMARKS.

members of her ſtate, yet advance her ſervice by flatt
Dulneſs, cultivating miſtaken talents, patronizing vile ſcri
diſcouraging living merit, or ſetting up for wits, and M
taſte in arts they underſtand not; from ver. 91 to 101

VER. 86. *weak Rebels more advance her cauſe.*] Such as t
who affect to oppoſe her Government, by ſetting up ſo
trons of Letters, without knowing how to judge of merit
conſequence of which is, that, as all true merit is modeſ
reſerved; and the *falſe*, forward and preſuming; anc
Judge eaſily impoſed upon; Fools get the rewards di
genius. For as the Poet ſaid of one of theſe Patrons,

Dryden alone, (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye.

And thus, as he rightly obſerves, theſe weak Rebels ur
tingly advance the cauſe of her they would be thought
to oppoſe.

For while no rewards are given for the Encourageme
Letters, Genius will ſupport itſelf on the footing of tha
putation, which men of wit will always win from
Dunces. But an undue diſtribution of the rewards of Le
ing will entirely depreſs or diſguſt all true genius; w
now not only finds itſelf robbed of the honours it m
claim from others, but defeated of that very reputatio
would otherwiſe have won for itſelf. For, as the cour
things is ordered, general reputation, when it comes
rivalſhip, is rather attendant on favour and high ſta
than on the ſimple endowments of Wit and Learning. H
we conclude that unleſs the Province of encouraging

6

Nor abſent they, no members of her ſtate,
Who pay her homage in her ſons, the Great;
Who falſe to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his Word without a call.
Patrons, who ſneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the penſion, and ſet up the head;
Or veſt dull Flatt'ry in the ſacred Gown;
Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
And (laſt and worſe) with all the cant of wit,
Without the ſoul, the Muſe's Hypocrit.

There march'd the bard and blockhead ſide by ſide,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narciſſus, prais'd with all a Parſon's pow'r,
Look'd a white lilly ſunk beneath a ſhow'r.

REMARKS.

ters be wiſely and faithfully adminiſtred, it were better for them that there were no encouragements at all.

VER. 93. *falſe to* Phœbus] Spoken of the antient and true *Phœbus*; not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no choſen Prieſts or Poets, but equally inſpires any man that pleaſeth to ſing or preach. SCRIBL.

VER. 99, 100.

And (laſt and worſt) with all the cant of wit,
Without the ſoul, the Muſe's Hypocrit.]

this diviſion are reckoned up 1. The Idolizers of Dulneſs the Great --- 2. Ill Judges, --- 3. Ill Writers, --- 4. Ill atrons. But the *laſt and worſt*, as he juſtly calls him, is e *Muſe's Hypocrite*, who is, as it were, the Epitome of em all. He who thinks the only end of poetry is to uſe, and the only buſineſs of the poet to be witty; and nſequently who cultivates only ſuch trifling talents in nſelf, and encourages only ſuch in others.

There mov'd Montalto with ſuperior air;
His ſtretch'd-out arm diſplay'd a Volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he paſs'd, and bow'd from ſide to ſide
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Compos'd he ſtood, bold Benſon thruſt him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnſton's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with ſober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous pag
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 114.
" What! no reſpect, he cry'd, for SHAKESPEAR's pa

REMARKS.

VER. 108.---*bow'd from ſide to ſide:*] As being of n party.

VER. 110. *bold* Benſon] This man endeavoured to himſelf to Fame by erecting monuments, ſtriking coins ting up heads, and procuring tranſlations, of *Milton* afterwards by as great paſſion for *Arthur Johnſton*, a phyſician's Verſion of the Pſalms, of which he printed fine Editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

VER. 113. *The decent* Knight] An eminent perſon was about to publiſh a very pompous Edition of a grea thor *at his own expence.*

VER. 115, *&c.* Theſe four lines were printed in a rate leaf by Mr. Pope in the laſt Edition, which he h gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, t this leaf into its place as ſoon as Sir T. H.'s Shak ſhould be publiſhed.

On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in ſtate.
When Dulneſs, ſmiling--" Thus revive the Wits!
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits;
As erſt Medea (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new Edition of old Æſon gave;
Let ſtandard-Authors, thus, like trophies born,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd ſhade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourſelves have made.
Leave not a foot of verſe, a foot of ſtone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;

Remarks.

Ver. 119: " *Thus revive, etc.*] The Goddeſs applauds the practice of tacking the obſcure names of Perſons not eminent in any branch of learning, to thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Writers; either by printing *Editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former inſtances; or by ſetting up *Monuments* diſgraced with their own vile names and inſcriptions, as in the latter.

Ver. 122. *old* Æſon] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to theſe reſtored authors)

Æſon miratur,
Diſſimilemque animum *ſubiit*—

Ver. 128. *A Page, a Grave,*] For what leſs than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what leſs than a Page can be allowed a living one?

Imitations.

Ver. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*]

The Soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made: Waller.

But ſpread, my ſons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick.
So by each Bard an Alderman ſhall ſit,
A heavy Lord ſhall hang at every Wit,

REMARKS.

VER. 128. *A Page,*] *Pagina,* not *Pediſſequus.* A Pa a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant: no having had a *Page* ſince the death of Mr. Thomas Dur SCRI

VER. 131. *So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.*] Vid *Tombs of the Poets,* Editio Weſtmonaſterienſis.

Ibid.—*an Alderman ſhall ſit,*] Alluding to the Mont erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

VER. 132. *A heavy Lord ſhall hang at ev'ry Wit,*] How natural an Image! and how ill ſupported, ſaith *Ariſta* Had it been,

A heavy Wit ſhall hang at ev'ry Lord,

ſomething might have been ſaid, in an Age ſo diſting for well-judging Patrons. For LORD, then, read, L that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. this purpoſe, conſpicuous is the caſe of the poor Autl *Hudibras,* whoſe *body,* long ſince weighed down to the by a *load* of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful lc Commentaries laid upon his *Spirit*; wherein the Edit atchieved more than Virgil himſelf, when he turned could boaſt of, which was only, *that he had pick'd go of another man's dung*; whereas the Editor has pick'd i of his own. SCRI

Ariſtarchus thinks the common reading right: and the author himſelf had been ſtruggling: and has bu ſhaken off his *Load* when he wrote the following Epigr

" My Lord complains, that Pope, ſtark mad with gai
" Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
" But he's my neighbour cries the peer polite,
" And if he'll viſit me, I'll wave my right.
" What? on Compulſion? and againſt my Will,
" A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill.

And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some ſlave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide.
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
Each eager to preſent the firſt Addreſs.
Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.
When lo! a ſpectre roſe, whoſe index hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchin garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's Blood, and Mother's tears.
O'er ev'ry vein a ſhudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton ſhake thro' all their Sons.

REMARKS.

VER. 137, 138.

Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.]

This is not to be aſcribed ſo much to the different manners of a Court and College, as to the different effects which a pretence to Learning, and a pretence to Wit have on Blockheads. For as Judgment conſiſts in finding out the *diſferences* in things, and Wit in finding out their *likeneſſes*, ſo the Dunce is all diſcord and diſſenſion, and conſtantly buſied in *reproving, examining, confuting, &c.* while the Fop flouriſhes in peace, with Songs and Hymns of praiſe, *Addreſſes, Characters, Epithalamiums, &c.*

VER. 140. *the dreadful wand*;] A cane uſually born by Schoolmaſters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood, &c.*]

Firſt Moloch, horrid King, beſmear'd with blood
Of human Sacrifice, and parents tears. Milt.

All fleſh is humbled, Weſtminſter's bold race
Shrink, and confeſs the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.
Then thus. Since Man from beaſt by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reaſon doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.

REMARKS.

VER. 148. *And holds his breeches*] An effect of Fear ſomewhat like this, is deſcribed in the viith Æneid,

Contremuit nemus——
Et trepidæ matres preſſere ad pectora natos.

nothing being ſo natural in any apprehenſion, as to lay cloſe hold on whatever is ſuppoſed to be moſt in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would inſinuate theſe youthful ſenators (tho' ſo lately come from ſchool) to be under the undue influence of any *Maſter*. SCRIBL.

VER. 151. *like the Samian letter,*] The letter Y uſed by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos. PERS.

VER. 153. *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumſtance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) ſeems to be an alluſion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of human nature points out the road to be purſued by thoſe entering into life. Ὁ δὲ γέρων ὁ ἄνω ἐστηκως, ἔχων χάρτην τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ἄσπερ δεικνύων τὶ, ἔστος Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.

To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick ſprings of Senſe,
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſigned,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A Poet the firſt day, he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very Poet ſtill.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder Houſe or Hall.
There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muſe gave o'er,
There TALBOT ſunk, and was a Wit no more!
How ſweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boaſt!
How many Martials were in PULT'NEY loſt!

REMARKS.

VER. 154.—*to ſtand too wide*] A pleaſant Alluſion to the deſcription of the door of Wiſdom in the *Table of Cebes*, Θύραν τινὰ μικράν.

VER. 159. *to exerciſe the breath*;] By obliging them to get the claſſic poets by heart, which furniſhes them with endleſs matter for Converſation, and Verbal amuſement for their wholes lives.

VER. 162. *We hang one jingling padlock, &c.*] For youth being uſed like Pack-horſes and beaten under a heavy load of Words, leſt they ſhould tire, their inſtructors contrive to make the Words jingle in rhyme or metre.

VER. 165. *in yonder* Houſe *or* Hall.] Weſtminſter-hall and the Houſe of Commons.

Elſe ſure ſome Bard, to our eternal praiſe,
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that Maſter-piece of Man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant Reign!
Some gentle JAMES, to bleſs the land again; 176

REMARKS.

VER. 174. *that Maſter-piece of Man.*] Viz. an *Epigram.* The famous Dr. *South* declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics ſay, "an Epic poem is the greateſt work human nature is "capable of."

VER. 175. *Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) &c.*] The matter under debate is how to confine men to Words for life. The inſtruction of youth ſhew how well they do their parts; but complain that when men come into the world they are apt to forget their Learning, and turn themſelves to uſeful Knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redreſſed. And this the Goddeſs aſſures them will need a more extenſive Tyranny than that of Grammar ſchools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wiſhes for *arbitrary power*; whoſe intereſt it being to keep men from the ſtudy of *things*, will encourage the propagation of *words* and *ſounds*: and, to make all ſure, ſhe wiſhes for another *Pedant Monarch*. The ſooner to obtain ſo great a bleſſing, ſhe is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her ſons taught at leaſt *one thing*; but that ſufficient, the *Doctrine of Divine right*.

Nothing can be juſter than the obſervation here inſinuated, that no branch of Learning thrives well under Arbitrary government but the *Verbal*. The reaſons are evident. It is unſafe under ſuch Governments to cultivate the ſtudy of things, eſpecially things of importance. Beſides, when men have loſt their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals ſecure them from being vicious. Hence ſo great a Cloud of Scholiaſts and Grammarians ſo

To ſtick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
enates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful Day,
Tis in the ſhade of Arbitrary Sway.

REMARKS.

oon overſpread the Light of Greece and Rome, when once hoſe famous Communities had loſt their Liberties. Another eaſon is the *encouragement* which arbitrary governments give o the ſtudy of *words*, in order to buſy and amuſe active ge- ius's, who might otherwiſe prove troubleſome and inqui- itive. So when Cardinal Richelieu had deſtroyed the poor emains of his Country's liberties, and made the ſupreme Court of Parliament merely *miniſterial*, he inſtituted the *French Academy*, for the perfecting their language. What was ſaid upon that occaſion, by a brave Magiſtrate, when he letters-patent of its erection came to be verified in the Parliament of Paris, deſerves to be remembered: He told he aſſembly, that *it put him in mind how an Emperor of Rome nce treated his Senate; who when he had deprived them of the ognizance of Public matters, ſent a meſſage to them in form for heir opinion about the beſt Sauce for a Turbot.*

VER. 176. *Some gentle* JAMES, *&c.*] Wilſon tells us that his King, *James* the firſt, took upon himſelf to teach the atin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerſet; and that Gondomar he Spaniſh Ambaſſador would ſpeak falſe Latin to him, on urpoſe to give him the pleaſure of correcting it, whereby e wrought himſelf into his good graces.

This great prince was the firſt who aſſumed the title of *acred Majeſty*, which his loyal Clergy transferred from *God o Him*. The principles of Paſſive Obedience and Non-re- iſiſtance (ſays the Author of the Diſſertation on Parties, Letter 8.) which before his time had ſkulked perhaps in ſome old Homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

VER. 181, 182. *if Dulneſs ſees a grateful Day, 'Tis in the*

Nor wert thou, Iſis! wanting to the day,
[Tho' Chriſt-church long kept prudiſhly away.]
Each ſtaunch Polemic, ſtubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, ſtill expelling Locke,
Came whip and ſpur, and daſh'd thro' thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.

REMARKS:

Ibid. *A hundred head, &c.*] It appears by this the Goddeſs had been careful of keeping up a Succeſſion, according to the rule,

Semper enim refice: ac, ne poſt amiſſa requiras,
Anteevcni; & ſobolem armento *ſortire* quotannis

It is remarkable with what dignity the Poet here deſcribes the *friends* of this ancient Philoſopher. Horace does not obſerve the ſame decorum with regard to thoſe of another ſect, when he ſays, *Cum ridere voles Epicuri de* grege *Porcum.* But the word *Drove, Armentum,* here underſtood, is a word of honour, as the moſt noble *Feſtus* the *Grammarian* aſſures us, *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod eſt idoneum opus* armorum. And alluding to the temper of this *warlike breed,* our poet very appoſitely calls them a *hundred head.* SCRIBL.

VER. 194. [*Tho' Chriſt-church*] This line is doubtleſs ſpurious, and foiſted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it in between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its *proper Deputies*; nor did any College pay homage to Dulneſs in its *whole body.* BENTL.

VER. 196. *ſtill expelling* Locke] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the Univerſity of Oxford to cenſure Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the laſt Edit.

VER. 198. *On German* Crouzaz *and Dutch* Burgerſdyck.] There ſeems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houſes ſhould ride on horſeback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But theſe are horſes of great ſtrength, and fit to carry any

As many quit the ſtreams that murm'ring fall
To lull the ſons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in Port.

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weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifeſt; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with *Names*, as were the horſes Pegaſus and Bucephalus. SCRIBL.

Tho' I have the greateſt deference to the penetration of this eminent ſcholiaſt, and muſt own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juſter than that rule of criticiſm, which directs us to keep to the *literal* ſenſe, when no apparent abſurdity accompanies it (and ſure there is no abſurdity in ſuppoſing a Logician on horſeback) yet ſtill I muſt needs think the Hackneys here celebrated were not real Horſes, nor even Centaurs, which, for the ſake of the learned *Chiron*, I ſhould rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, tho' Logicians: and only thus metamorphoſad by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, Un Eſprit peſant, lourd, ſans ſubtilité, ni gentilleſſe "UN GROSS CHEVAL D'ALLEMAGNE."

Here I profeſs to go oppoſite to the whole ſtream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, tho' aukwardly, at an elegant Greciſm in this repreſentation; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horſe] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatneſs or ſtrength; as ἱππολαπαθον, ἱπποθλωσσον, ἱππομαραθρον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great connoiſſeur, which comes neareſt to the caſe in hand.

SCIP. MAFF.

VER. 199. *the ſtreams.*] The River Cam, running by the walls of theſe Colleges, which are particularly famous for their ſkill in Diſputation.

VER. 202. *ſleeps in Port.*] viz. "Now retired into harbour, "after the tempeſts that had long agitated his ſociety." So *Scriblerus.* But the learned *Scipio Maffei* underſtands it of a certain Wine called *Port*, from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of

Before them march'd that awful Ariſtarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep Rem
His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aſide.
Low bow'd the reſt: He, kingly, did but nc
So upright Quakers pleaſe both man and God
Miſtreſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne
Avaunt——is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty Scholiaſt, whoſe unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's ſtrain

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which this Profeſſor invited him to drink abundantly. S
MAFF. *De Compotationibus Academicis.*

VER. 205. *His Hat, &c.—So upright Quakers pleaſe both and God,*] The Hat-worſhip, as the Quakers call it, i abomination to that ſect: yet, where it is neceſſary to that reſpect to man (as in the Courts of Juſtice and Ho of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not late their conſcience, permitted other people to uncover th

VER. 210. *Ariſtarchus.*] A famous Commentator and rector of Homer, whoſe name has been frequently uſe ſignify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by author to this eminent Profeſſor, in applying to him ſo a Name, was the reaſon that he hath omitted to commer this part which contains his own praiſes. We ſhall then ſupply that loſs to our beſt ability. Scr

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VER. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod;*] Milton.
—He, kingly, from his State
Declin'd not——

VER. 210.—*is* Ariſtarchus *yet unknown?*
------Sic notus Ulyſſes? V
Doſt thou not feel me, Rome? Ben. Joh

Turn what they will to Verſe, their toil is vain
Critics like me ſhall make it Proſe again.
Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
Author or ſomething yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.

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VER 214. *Critics like me*—] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton; whoſe richeſt veins of Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the pooreſt and moſt beggarly proſe—Verily the learneſt ſcholiaſt is grievouſly miſtaken. Ariſtarchus, is not boaſting here of the *wonders* of his art in annihilating the ſublime; but of the *uſefulneſs* of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper claſs; the words *make it proſe again*, plainly ſhewing that proſe it was, tho' aſhamed of its original, and therefore to proſe it ſhould return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dulneſs doth not confine her critics to this uſeful taſk; and commiſſion them to diſmount what *Ariſtophanes* calls Ρημαθ' ἱππόβαμονα, all *proſe on horſeback*. SCRIBL.

VER. 216. *Author of ſomething yet more great than Letter*;] Alluding to thoſe Grammarians, ſuch as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented *ſingle letters*. But Ariſtarchus, who had found out a *double* one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.

VER. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our* Digamma,] Alludes to the boaſted reſtoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *ſomething more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma ſet upon the ſhoulders of another.

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VER. 215. *Roman and Greek* Grammarians, *&c.*] Imitated from Propertius ſpeaking of the Æneid,

Cedite, Romani *ſcriptores, cedite* Graii!
Heſcio quid majus *naſcitur Iliade*.

'Tis true, on Words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*,
To ſound or ſink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to ſpeak as Terence ſpoke,
And Alſop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus ſhall ſupply:

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VER. 220. *of* Me *or* Te,] It was a ſerious diſpute, which the learned were much divided, and ſome tr written: Had it been about *Meum* and *Tuum* it could r more conteſted, than whether at the end of the firſt C Horace, to read, Me *doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, o *doctarum hederæ*—By this the learned ſcholiaſt would ſe inſinuate that the diſpute was not about *Meum* and which is a Miſtake: For, as a venerable ſage obſe *Words are the counters of Wiſe-men, but the money of fools*; t we ſee their property was indeed concerned, Sc

VER. 222. *Or give up* Cicero *to* C *or* K.] Grammatici putes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's nai Greek. It is a diſpute whether in Latin the name of H goras ſhould end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cice writing it *Hermagora*, which Bentley rejects, and ſays tilian muſt be miſtaken, Cicero could not write it ſo, an in this caſe he would not believe Cicero himſelf. Thei his very words: *Ego vero Ciceronem ita ſcripſiſſe ne Ciceron dem affirmanti crediderim.—Epiſt. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Me at Phil.*

VER. 223, 224. *Freind---Alſop*] Dr. Robert Freind, n of Weſtminſter-ſchool, and canon of Chriſt-church--Dr. thony Alſop, a happy imitator of the Horation ſtyle.

VER. 226. *Manilius or Solinus*] Some Critics having h in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, l or Solinus, have choſen the worſe author, the more free diſplay their critical capacity.

r Attic Phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
oach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
ancient Senſe if any needs will deal,
: ſure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
hat Gellius or Stobæus haſh'd before,
r chew'd by blind old Scholiaſts o'er and o'er,
he critic Eye, that microſcope of Wit,
e hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
ow parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
he body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,
re things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe ſhall ſee,
/hen Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.
Ah, think not, Miſtreſs! more true Dulneſs lies
n Folly's Cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguiſe.
ike buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
n learning's ſurface we but lie and nod,

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VER. 228. *&c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The firſt a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the ſecond a minute Critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

VER. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiaſts o'er and o'er.*] Theſe taking the ſame things eternally from the mouth of one another.

VER. 239, 240. *Ah, think not, Miſtreſs, &c.--In Folly's Cap, &c.*] By this it appears the Dunces and Fops, mentioned ver. 139, 140. had a contention of rivalſhip for the Goddeſs's favour on this great day. Thoſe got the ſtart, but theſe make it up by their Spokeſman in the next ſpeech. It ſeems as if Ariſtarchus here firſt ſaw him advancing with his fair Pupil. SCRIBL.

VER. 241, 242. *Like buoys, etc.--On Learning's ſurface, etc.*]

Thine is the genuine head of many a houſe,
And much Divinity without a Νοῦς.
Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one ATTERBURY ſpoil'd the flock.
See! ſtill thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphyſic ſmokes involve the Pole.

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So that the ſtation of a *Profeſſor* is only a kind of legal to inform us where the *ſhattered bulk* of Learning lie which after ſo long unhappy navigation, and now either Maſter or Patron, we may wiſh, with Horace *there ſtill.*

------Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus?
-------non tibi ſunt integra lintea;
Non Dî, *quos iterum preſſa voces malo.*
Quamvis pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis,
Jactus & genus, & nomen inutile.

VER. 244. *And much Divinity without a* Νοῦς.] much affected by the learned Ariſtarchus in comm verſation, to ſignify *Genius* or natural *acumen.* But ſage has a farther view. Νοῦς was the Platonic *Mind,* or the *firſt cauſe,* and that ſyſtem of Divinity hinted at which terminates in blind nature withou ſuch as the Poet afterwards deſcribes (ſpeaking of the of one of theſe later Platoniſts)

Or that bright Image *to our Fancy draw,*
Which Theocles *in raptur'd Viſion ſaw,*
That Nature------&c.

VER. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury*] Iſaac Barrow, of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Chriſt-churc great Genius's and eloquent Preachers; one more co in the ſublime Geometry, the other in claſſical Le but who equally made it their care to advance th Arts in their ſeveral Societies.

For thee we dim the eyes, and ſtuff the head
With all ſuch reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it:
So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours till it clouds itſelf all o'er.

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VER. 247. *the heavy Canon*] Canon here, if ſpoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *Canons of the Houſe*, in the ſingular, and meant only of *one*: in which caſe I ſuſpect the *Pole* to be a falſe reading, and that it ſhould be the *Poll* or *Head* of that Canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *Paranomaſia* or *Pun*. But what of that? Is any figure of ſpeech more appoſite to our gentle Goddeſs, or more frequently uſed by her and her children, eſpecially of the Univerſity? Doubtleſs it better ſuits the Character of Dulneſs, yea of a Doctor, than that of an Angel; yet *Milton* feared not to put a conſiderable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been obſerved, that they were the Devil's Angels, as if he did it to ſuggeſt the Devil was the Author as well of falſe Wit, as of falſe Religion, and that the Father of Lies was alſo the Father of Puns. But this is idle: It muſt be owned a Chriſtian practice, uſed in the primitive times by ſome of the Fathers, and in latter by moſt of the Sons of the Church; till the debauched reign of Charles the ſecond, when the ſhameleſs Paſſion for *Wit* overthrew every thing: and even the beſt Writers admitted it, provided it was obſcene, under the name of the *Double entendre*. SCRIBL.

VER. 248. *And Metaphyſic ſmokes, &c.*] Here the learned Ariſtarchus ending the firſt member of his harangue in behalf of *Words*, and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of *Things*, very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on METAPHYSICS, a kind of *Middle nature* between words and things: communicating, in its obſcurity, with *Subſtance*, and, in its emptineſs, with *Names*. SCRIBL.

What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool
Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run thro' ev'ry ſchool?

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VER. 255 to 271, *What tho' we let ſome better ſort of* &c.] Hitherto Ariſtarchus hath diſplayed the art of teach his Pupils words, without things. He ſhews greater ſkil what follows, which is to teach things, without profit. with the *better ſort of fool* the firſt expedient is, ver. 254 258, to run him ſo ſwiftly through the circle of the Scie that he ſhall ſtick at nothing, nor nothing ſtick with h and though ſome little, both of words and things, ſh by chance be gathered up in his paſſage, yet he ſhews, 259 to 261, that it is never more of the one than ſuf enable him to *perſecute with Rhyme*, or of the other than *plague with Diſpute*. But, if after all, the Pupil will n *learn* a Science, it is then provided by his careful direct ver. 261, 262, that it ſhall either be ſuch as he can n *enjoy* when he comes out into life, or ſuch as he will obliged to *divorce*. And to make all ſure, ver. 263 to 2 the uſeleſs or pernicious Sciences, thus taught, are ſtill plied perverſely; the man of Wit *petrified* in Euclid, *trammelled* in Metaphyſics; and the man of Judgment *mar* without his parents conſent, to a *Muſe*. Thus far the ticular arts of modern Education, uſed partially, and di ſified according to the Subject and the occaſion: But the one general Method, with the encomium of which the g Ariſtarchus ends his ſpeech, ver. 267 to 270, and th AUTHORITY, the univerſal CEMENT, which fills the cr and chaſms of *lifeleſs* matter, ſhuts up all the pores of *li* ſubſtance, and brings all human minds to *one dead level*. if Nature ſhould chance to ſtruggle through all the entan ments of the foregoing ingenious expedients to *bind rebel* this clapa upon her one ſure and entire cover. So that may Ariſtarchus defy all human power to *get the Man* again from under ſo impenetrable a cruſt. The Poet all to this Maſter-piece of the Schools in ver 501, wher ſpeaks of *Vaſſals to a name*.

Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was ſhown
Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
Plague with Diſpute, or perſecute with Rhyme.
We only furniſh what he cannot uſe,
Or wed to what he muſt divorce, a Muſe:
Full in the midſt of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
Or ſet on Metaphyſic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
With the ſame CEMENT, ever ſure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
Then take him to devellop, if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
But wherefore waſte I words? I ſee advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.

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VER. 264. *petrify a* Genius] Thoſe who have no Genius, employed in works of imagination; thoſe who have, in abſtract ſciences.

VER. 270. *And hew the Block off,*] A notion of Ariſtotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a Statue, which would appear on the removal of ſuperfluous parts.

VER. 272. *lac'd Governor*] Why *lac'd?* Becauſe Gold and Silver are neceſſary trimming to denote the dreſs of a perſon of rank, and the Governor muſt be ſuppoſed ſo in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Ariſtarchus to know at ſight that this Governor came from France? Know, Why, by the laced coat.

Ibid. *Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor*] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor

Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to ſay
But, ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.
In ſlow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring puſh'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was d
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The firſt came forwards, with as eaſy mien,
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd Son

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ſhould have the precedence before the Whore, if not the Pupil. But were he ſo placed, it might be tho inſinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Wh were the Pupil placed firſt, he might be ſuppoſed to Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is c their picture, repreſents them in the order in which t generally ſeen; namely, the Pupil between the Wh the Governor; but placeth the Whore firſt, as ſhe governs both the other.

VER. 274. *ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.*] See Odyſſ. xi. where the Ghoſt of Ajax turns ſullenly from the *Traveller*, who had ſucceeded againſt him in the for the arms of Achilles. There had been the ſame cor between the *Travelling* and the *Univerſity* tutor, for th of our young heroes, and faſhion adjudged it to the f ſo that this might well occaſion the ſullen dignity ir ture, which Longinus ſo much admired. S

VER. 276. *And titt'ring puſh'd, etc.*] Hor.

Rideat & pulſet laſciva decentius aetas.

VER. 280. *As if he ſaw* St. James's] Reflecting on reſpectful and indecent Behaviour of ſeveral forward perſons in the preſence, ſo offenſive to all ſerious me to none more than the good Scriblerus.

VER. 281. *th' attendant Orator*] The Governor ab

Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.
The Sire ſaw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The Mother begg'd the bleſſing of a Rake.

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The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I preſume, to offend or to do injuſtice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to ſo many who equally deſerve it. SCRIBL.

VER. 284. *A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God*] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whoſe great point is to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing ſpirit unbroken by terrifying *Names*. Amongſt the happy conſequences of this reformed diſcipline, it is not the leaſt, that we have never afterwards any occaſion for the *Prieſt*, whoſe trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to *finiſh what the nurſe began*. SCRIBL.

VER. 286---*the bleſſing of a Rake*] Scriblerus is here much at a loſs to find out what this *bleſſing* ſhould be. He is ſometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune. but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as ſomething uncommon ſeemed to be prayed for. And after many ſtrange Conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair ſex, he at length reſts in this, that it was, that her ſon might paſs for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himſelf by ver. 316. where the Orator, ſpeaking of his pupil, ſays, that he

Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd,

which ſeems to inſinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good ſcholiaſt, as, indeed, every where elſe, lays open the very ſoul of modern criticiſm, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expreſſion hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the *bleſſing of a rake* ſignifying no more than that he might be a Rake; the effects of a

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VER. 284. *A dauntleſs infant never ſcar'd with God.*]
—ſine Dis animoſus Infans.

Thou gav'ſt that Ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon beg
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was Boy, nor M
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt:
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let dow
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew:
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, on'y thou, directing all our way!

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thing for the thing itſelf, a common figure. Th
mother only wiſhed her ſon might be a *Rake*, as we
ing that its attendant *Bleſſings* would follow of cour

VER. 288. *he ne'er was Boy, nor Man.*] Nature
ſtowed on the human ſpecies two ſtates or condition
and *Manhood*. Wit ſometimes makes the *firſt* diſap
Folly the *latter*; but true Dulneſs annihilates *both*. F
of *apprehenſion* in Boys, not ſuffering that conſcious i
and inexperience which produce the aukward baſhf
youth, makes them *aſſured*; and want of *imaginati*
them *grave*. But this *gravity* and *aſſurance*, which i
boyhood, being neither wiſdom nor knowledge, do ne
to *manhood*.

VER. 290. *unſeen the young* Æneas *paſt; Thence glorious,*] See Virg. Æn. i.

At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos;— 1. *neu quis contingere poſſit;*
2. *Molirive moram;*—*aut* 3, *veniendi poſcere cauſas*

Where he enumerates the cauſes why his mother t
care of him: to wit, 1. that no-body might touch o
him: 2. might ſtop or detain him: 3. examine him a
progreſs he had made, or ſo much as gueſs why he can

To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:
To happy Convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Iſles of fragrance, lilly-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſp'ring woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;
Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth Eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
His royal Senſe, of Op'ra's or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;

REMARKS.

VER. 303. *lilly ſilver'd vales,*] Tuberoſes.

VER. 307. *But chief, etc.*] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

VER. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;*] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illuſtrious for her *Carnivals*.

Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more
All Claſſic learning loſt on Claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!
See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head;
As much Eſtate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber ſhall think fit;

REMARKS.

VER. 318. *greatly daring din'd*;] It being indeed no riſque to eat thro' thoſe extraordinary compoſitions, diſguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the and highly inflammatory and unwholeſome.

VER. 322. *And laſt turn'd* Air, *the Echo of a Sound*. leſs a Body than Echo itſelf; for Echo reflects *Senſe* or at leaſt, this Gentleman only *Airs* and *Tunes*:

——Sonus *eſt*, *qui vivit in* illo. Ovid

So that this was not a Metamorphoſis either in one other, but only a Reſolution of the Soul into its true ciples; its real Eſſence being Harmony, according doctrine of Orpheus, the Inventor of Opera, who fi formed to a ſelect aſſembly of Beaſts. S

VER. 324. *With nothing but a* Solo *in his head*;] W thing but a *Solo*? Why, if it be a *Solo*, how ſhould t any thing elſe? Palpable Tautology! Read boldly ar which is enough of conſcience for ſuch a head as has its Latin. E

VER. 326. *Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber*,] Three very e perſons, all Managers of *Plays*; who, tho' not Goverr profeſſion, had, each in his way, concerned themſelve

Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a Borough chuſe him, not undone!
See, to my country happy I reſtore
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my ſoul adores)
So may the ſons of ſons of ſons of whores,
Prop thine, O Empreſs! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Poſterity thy own.

REMARKS.

Education of Youth: and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that Period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the laſt of theſe, and his Talents for this end, ſee Book i. ver. 199. *&c.*

VER. 331. *Her too receive, &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ver. 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular intereſt in this lady.

Ibid. *ſons of whores.*] For ſuch have been always eſteemed the ableſt ſupports of the Throne of *Dulneſs*, even by the confeſſion of thoſe her moſt *legitimate* Sons, who have unfortunately wanted that advantage. The illuſtrious *Vanini* in his divine encomiums on our Goddeſs, intitled, *De Admirandis Naturæ Reginæ Deæque mortalium Arcanis*, laments that he was not born a Baſtard: *O utinam extra legitimum ac connubialem iſtorum eſſem procreatus! &c.* He expatiates on the prerogatives of a *free birth*, and on what he would have done for the *Great Mother* with thoſe advantages; and then ſorrowfully concludes, *At quia Conjugatorum ſum ſoboles, his orbatus ſum bonis.*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 332. *So may the ſons of ſons, &c.*]

Et nati natorum, et qui naſcentur ab illis. Virg.

Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from ſenſe of Shan

Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
Unſeen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-liſtleſs Loit'rers, that attend
No Cauſe, no Truſt, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too eaſy chair.
And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The Pains and Penalties of Idleneſs.
She pity'd! but her Pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-diſſembled em'rald on his hand,

Remarks.

Ver. 341. *Thee too, my* Paridel!] The Poet ſeems to of this young gentleman with great affection. The r taken from Spenſer, who gives it to a *wandering Courtly* that travell'd about for the ſame reaſon, for which many Squires are now fond of travelling, and eſpecially to *I*

Ver. 347. *Annius,*] The name taken from Annius the of Viterbo, famous for many Impoſitions and Forgeries cient manuſcripts and inſcriptions, which he was prom

Imitations.

Ver. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack—*
And heard, &c.]

Sedet, æternumque ſedebit,
Infelix Theſeus, Phlegyaſque miſerrimus omnes
Admonet —

ſe as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
ne, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines. 350
t, as the wily Fox is ſeen to creep,
ere baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
lk round and round, now prying here, now there,
ıe; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his pray'r.
ɔrant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
nay thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit! 356

REMARKS.

ere Vanity, but our Annius had a more ſubſtantial mo-

ER. 348. *well-diſſembled em'rald on his hand*] The Poet s here, as Wits are ever licentious, to upbraid this uſe-Member of Society for his *well-diſſembled em'rald*; where-truth it was by that circumſtance he ſhould have been mended. This worthy perſon was, I ſuppoſe, a Factor een the poor and rich, to ſupply theſe with their imagi- wants, and to relieve thoſe from their real ones. Now how can this Factorage be carried on without well diſ-ling. The rich Man wants an Em'rald; his want is red on all hands to be imaginary. And what fitter for naginary want than an imaginary em'rald? For Philo-rs agree, that *imaginations* are not to be cured by their rary *realities*, but to be removed, if troubleſome, by other-inations; and theſe again in their turn, by other. Con-it in another light. An Em'rald, we agree, is an imagi-

IMITATIONS.

ER. 355. —*grant me ſtill to cheat!*
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!]

—Da, pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere-----
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem. Hor.

Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl,
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;

REMARKS.

nary want; but an Em'rald of Golconda is much mo
Now if, in a *true Em'rald of France*, the colour, the lustr
the bulk, be all improv'd, what is wanting in it, that
be thought to concur to that solid happiness, which w
an Em'rald is capable of giving to enlarged, and trul
proved Minds? Certainly, nothing but that Golcondica
stantial form, which is neither seen, felt, nor underst
a certain essentiuncula, or as we may say, *esprit folet*,
which substances had been for many ages possessed,
lately sneaked out of matter, is no longer in nature, nor
is more to the purpose) no longer in fashion. Scr

VER. 355. still *to cheat*,] Some read *skill*, but that is
lous, for Annius hath that skill already; or if he had no
were not wanting to cheat such persons. Be

VER. 361. *hunt th' Athenian fowl*,] The Owl stamp
the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis *Gods, and Mortals call an* Owl

is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κ κλήσκουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.

VER. 363. *Attys and Cecrops*.] The first King of At
of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant; b
so improbable as what follows, that there should be a
Mahomet, who forbad all Images; and the story of
Pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of thes

ich in ancient braſs, tho' not in gold,
l keep his Lares, tho' his houſe be ſold;
headleſs Phœbe his fair bride poſtpone,
iour a Syrian Prince above his own;
d of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
t in one Niger, till he knows of two.
ſummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
o like his Cheops ſtinks above the ground,
ce as a ſtartled Adder, ſwell'd, and ſaid,
tling an ancient Siſtrum at his head:

REMARKS.

's made a counterfeit medal of that Impoſtor, now in
ollection of a learned Nobleman.

ER. 371. *Mummius*] This name is not merely an alluſion
ie Mummies he was ſo fond of, but probably referred to
oman General of that name, who burned Corinth, and
nitted the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, af-
g him, "that if any were loſt or broken, he ſhould pro-
ire others to be made in their ſtead;" by which it ſhould
(whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no
uoſo.

id. —*Fool renown'd*] A compound epithet in the Greek
ner, *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making Fools*.

ER. 372. *Cheops*] A king of Egypt whoſe body was cer-
y to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid,
is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's.
Royal Mummy, being ſtolen by a wild Arab, was pur-
ed by the Conſul of Alexandria, and tranſmitted to the
eum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a paſ-
in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned
ager aſſures us that he ſaw the Sepulchre empty, which
es exactly (ſaith he) with the time of the theft above-
tioned. But he omits to obſerve that Herodotus tells
ſame thing of it in his time.

Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor ba
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race;
True, he had wit, to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them, was as wiſe
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to ke
When Sallee Rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſqu'd the Grecian G
Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,

REMARKS.

VER. 375. *Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? etc.*] The ſtory following, which may be taken for a fiction of th is juſtified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillan wrote the Hiſtory of the Syrian Kings as it is to be fo medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been ing various coins, and being purſued by a Corſair of ſwallowed down twenty gold medals. A ſudden Bo freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with t his belly. On his Road to Avignon he met two Phy of whom he demanded aſſiſtance. One adviſed Pur the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neith purſued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancien the famous Phyſician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom lated his adventure. Dufour, without ſtaying to about the uneaſy ſymptoms of the burthen he carri aſked him *whether the Medals were of the higher Empi*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 383. *Receiv'd each Demi-God,*]

Emiſſumque ima de ſede Typhoëa terræ
Cæ litibus fociſſe metum; cunctoſque dediſſe,
Terga fugæ: donec feſſos Ægyptia tellus
Ceſ erit——

ought them, ſhrouded in that living ſhrine,
id, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.
Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwore,
eply'd ſoft Annius) this our paunch before
ill bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
to refund the Medals with the meat.
o prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
d me with Pollio ſup, as well as dine:
here all the Learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
nd Douglas lend his ſoft, obſtetric hand.
The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
back to Pollio, hand in hand they went.
Then thick as Locuſts black'ning all the ground,
tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,

REMARKS.

ired him they were. Dufour was raviſhed with the hope poſſeſſing ſo rare a treaſure, he bargain'd with him on : ſpot for the moſt curious of them, and was to recover m at his own expence.

VER. 383. *each* Demi-God,] They are called ⊙s on their ins.

VER. 387. *Witneſs great* Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is led to witneſs, as the father of Alexander, to whom thoſe ngs ſucceeded in the diviſion of the Macedonian Empire, d whoſe *Horns* they wore on their Medals.

VER. 394. *Douglas*] A Phyſician of great Learning and no Taſte; above all curious in what related to *Horace*, of om he collected every Edition, Tranſlation, and Comment, the number of ſeveral hundred volumes.

VER. 397. *Then thick as locuſts black'ning all the ground,*] The ilitude of *Locuſts* does not refer more to the numbers than to qualities of the Virtuoſi: who not only devour and lay waſte

Each with ſome wond'rous gift approac
Pow'r,
A Neſt, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r.
But far the foremoſt, two, with earneſt zeal,
And aſpect ardent to the Throne appeal.

The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy ſuppliant
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and ſun, anc
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded button tip its head.
Then thron'd in glaſs, and nam'd it CAROLI
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth,

REMARKS.

every tree, ſhrub, and green leaf in their *Courſe* of exp
but ſuffer neither a moſs nor fungus to eſcape unto

VER. 409. *and nam'd it* Caroline] It is a complim
the Floriſts uſually pay to Princes and great perſon

IMITATIONS.

VER. 405. *Fair from its humble bed, etc. named it*
Each maid cry'd, charming! *and each Youth,* di
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No Maid cries, charming! *and no Youth,* divine!

Theſe verſes are tranſlated from Catullus, Epith.

Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,
Quem mu'cent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, etc.

Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiſcuous blaze?
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt
Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in duſt.
Oh puniſh him, or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no Carnation fades.
He ceas'd and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen.
Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the ſpring,

REMARKS.

their names to the moſt curious Flowers of their raiſing: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardiner, at Hammerſmith, who cauſed his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inſcription, *This is* My *Queen Caroline.*

VER. 418. *Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no Carnation fades*] It is a trite obſervation, that men have always placed the happineſs of their fancied *Elyſium* in ſomething they took moſt delight in here. The joys of a Mahometan paradiſe conſiſt in young maidens, always virgins: Our modeſter Votary warms his imagination only with Carnations always in bloom; which, alluding, at the ſame time, to the perpetual ſpring of the old

IMITATIONS.

VER. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race.*] The Poet ſeems to have an eye to Spenſer, Muiopotmos.

Of all the race of ſilver winged Flies
Which do poſſeſs the Empire of the air.

Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bow'r,
The riſing game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere.
I tell the naked fact without diſguiſe,
And, to excuſe it, need but ſhew the prize;
Whoſe ſpoils this Paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerleſs *Butterfly*.
My ſons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done your part
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a Mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal care, our ſleeping friends.

REMARKS.

Elyſian fields, give an inimitable pleaſantry, as well as c
corum, to the concluſion of his Pray'r.

VER. 440. *our ſleeping friends,*] Of whom ſee v. 345. abo

IMITATIONS.

VER. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd, etc.*]
----- *I ſtarted back,*
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon---- Mil

The common Soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowzy Watchman, that juſt gives a knock,
And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by ſome object ev'ry brain is ſtirr'd;
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
The moſt reclufe, diſcreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
The Mind, in Metaphyſics at a loſs,
May wander in a wilderneſs of Moſs;
The head that turns at ſuper-lunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' wings.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 441. *The common ſoul, etc.*] in the firſt Edit. thus,
Of Souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And moſt but ſtand that centinel of God,
A drowzy Watchman in the land of Nod.

REMARKS.

VER. 444. *And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a clock*] i. e. When the feaſt of life is juſt over, calls us to think of breaking up; but never watches to prevent the diſorders that happen in the heat of the entertainment.

VER. 450. *a wilderneſs of Moſs*;] Of which the Naturaliſts count I can't tell how many hundred ſpecies.

VER. 452. Wilkins' *wings.*] One of the firſt Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and uſeful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a poſſibility to fly to the Moon; which has put ſome volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpoſe.

O! would the Sons of Men once think their
And Reaſon giv'n them but to ſtudy *Flies!*
See Nature in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
And let the Author of the Whole eſcape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
To wonder at their Maker, not to ſerve.

Be that my taſk (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myſt'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whoſe pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,

REMARKS.

VER. 453. *O! would the ſons of men, &c.*] This is t
ſpeech of the Goddeſs to her Supplicants, and compl
whole of what ſhe had to give in inſtruction on this
tant occaſion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, a
ligion. In the firſt ſpeech, ver. 119. to her Editc
conceited Critics, ſhe directs how to deprave Wit :
credit fine Writers. In her ſecond, ver. 175, to th
cators of Youth, ſhe ſhews them how all Civil Duti
be extinguiſhed in that one doctrine of divine Hei
Right. And in this third, ſhe charges the Inveſtig
Nature to amuſe themſelves in Trifles, and reſt in
cauſes, with a total diſregard of the firſt. This be
that Dulneſs can with, is all ſhe needs to ſay; and v
apply to her (as the Poet hath managed it) what ha
ſaid of true Wit, that *She neither ſays too little, nor too r*

VER. 459. *a gloomy Clerk,*] The Epithet *gloomy* in t
may ſeem the ſame with that of *dark* in the next. Bu
relates to the uncomfortable and diſaſtrous condition
irreligious Sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his p
and embroiled Syſtems.

VER. 462. *When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,*] A
to a ridiculous and abſurd way of ſomeMathematicians,
culating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathe

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize :)
Let others creep by timid ſteps, and ſlow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
And laſt, to Nature's Cauſe thro' Nature led.
All-ſeeing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road!
And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God :

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proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæſar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate Houſe. See *Craig's Theologiæ Chriſtianæ Principia Mathematica.* But as it ſeems evident, that facts of a thouſand years old, for inſtance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain, that if in fifty more they quite diſappear, it muſt be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our Goddeſs; for whoſe help therefore they have reaſon to pray.

VER. 465—468. *Let others creep---thro' Nature led*] In theſe lines are deſcribed the *Diſpoſition* of the rational Inquirer; and the *means* and *end* of Knowledge. With Regard to his *diſpoſition*, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties, muſt needs make a modeſt and ſenſible man timorous and fearful; and that will naturally direct him to the right *means* of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of, namely, *plain and ſure experience*; which tho' ſupporting only an humble *foundation*, and permitting only a very ſlow progreſs, yet leads, ſurely, to the *end*, the diſcovery of the *God of nature.*

VER. 471. *the high Priori Road,*] Thoſe who, from the effects in this Viſible world, deduce the Eternal Power and

Make Nature ſtill incroach upon his plan;
And ſhove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thruſt ſome Mechanic Cauſe into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuſe in Space.
Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cauſ

REMARKS.

Godhead of the Firſt Cauſe, tho' they cannot attain t
quate idea of the Deity, yet diſcover ſo much of
enables them to ſee the End of their Creation, and th
of their Happineſs: whereas they who take this hi
Road (ſuch as Hobbs, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and for
Reaſoners) for one that goes right, ten loſe themſelves
or ramble after Viſions, which deprive them of all
their End, and miſlead them in the choice of wrong

Ver. 472. *And reaſon downward, till we doubt of Go*
was in fact the caſe of thoſe who, inſtead of reaſoni
a viſible World to an *inviſible God*, took the oth
and from an *inviſible God* (to whom they had given a
agreeable to certain metaphyſical principles forme
their own imaginations) reaſoned *downwards*, to
world in theory, of Man's Creation; which not agr
might be expected, to that of God's, they began, fr
inability to account for *evil* which they ſaw in his w
doubt of that God, whoſe Being they had admitt
whoſe attributes they had deduced *a priori*, on w
miſtaken principles.

Ver. 473. *Make Nature ſtill*] This relates to ſuch a
aſhamed to aſſert a mere Mechanic Cauſe, and yet u
to forſake it intirely, have had recourſe to a certain
Nature, Elaſtic Fluid, Subtile Matter, etc.

Ver. 475. *Thruſt ſome* Mechanic Cauſe *into his p*
Or bind in Matter, *or diffuſe in* Space
The firſt of theſe Follies is that of Des Cartes; the
of Hobbs; the third of ſome ſucceeding Philoſophers

Virtue local, all Relation ſcorn,
ıll in *Self*, and but for ſelf be born:
nought ſo certain as our *Reaſon* ſtill,
nought ſo doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.
hide the God ſtill more! and make us ſee
:h as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:

REMARKS.

VER. 477. *Or, at one* bound, *etc.*] Theſe words are very ;nificant: In their Phyſical and Metaphyſical reaſonings it as a *Chain* of pretended *Demonſtrations* that drew them into il theſe abſurd concluſions. But their errors in Morals reſt nly on bold and impudent *Aſſertions*, without the leaſt hadow of proof, in which they *over-leap* all the laws of Argument as well as Truth.

VER. 478, *etc.*

Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cauſe,
Find Virtue local, *all* Relation *ſcorn*,
See all in Self---]

Here the Poet from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philoſophy, deſcends to thoſe in Moral. Man was made according to *God's Image*; this falſe Theology, meaſuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reaſon*. The next, of imagining himſelf the final Cauſe, is the effect of his *Pride*: as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the impoſition of the Magiſtrate, is of the *Corruption* of his *heart*. Hence he centers every thing in *himſelf*. The Progreſs of Dulneſs herein differing from that of Madneſs; one ends in *ſeeing all in God*, the other in *ſeeing all in Self*.

VER. 481. *Of nought ſo certain as our* Reaſon *ſtill*.] Of which we have moſt cauſe to be diffident. *Of nought ſo doubtful as of* Soul *and* Will: two things the moſt ſelf-evident, the Exiſtence of our Soul, and the Freedom of our Will.

VER. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew*,] Lib. i. ver. 57.

Omnis enim per ſe Divum natura neceſſe'ſt
Immortali ævo ſumma cum pace *fruatur*,

Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardleſs of our merit or default.
Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd Viſion ſaw,

REMARKS.

Semota *ab noſtris rebus*, ſummotaque *longe---*
Nec bene pro meritis *capitur, nec tangitur* ira.

From whence the two verſes following are tranſlated, a wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddeſs. SCRI

VER. 487. *Or that* bright Image] *Bright Image* was the Ti given by the later Platoniſts to that Viſion of *Nature*, wh they had formed out of their own fancy, ſo bright t they called it Αὐτοφαὲς Ἄγαλμα, or the *Self-ſeen Image*, i. e. ſ by its own light.

This *Ignis fatuus* has in theſe our times appeared again the *North*; and the writings of *Geddes*, and other follow of *Hutcheſon*, are full of its wonders. For in this *lux bore* this *Self-ſeen Image*, theſe ſecond-ſighted philoſophers every thing elſe. SCRI

VER. 487. *Or that bright Image*] i. e. Let it be either *Chance God* of Epicurus, or the FATE, of this Goddeſs.

VER. 488. *Which* Theocles *in raptur'd Viſion ſaw*,] T this Philoſopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with h in theſe Viſions:

" To-morrow, when the Eaſtern Sun
" With his firſt beams adorns the front
" Of yonder Hill, if you're content
" To wander with me in the Woods you ſee,
" We will purſue thoſe Loves of ours,
" By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:

" and invoking firſt the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll try t " tain at leaſt ſome faint and diſtant view of the *Sov* " *Genius* and *firſt Beauty*." *Charact.* Vol. ii. pag. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apoſtrophized (pag. 345.) by the Philoſopher.

le thro' Poetic ſcenes the GENIUS roves,
wanders wild in Academic Groves;
it NATURE our Society adores,
iere Tindal dictates and Silenus ſnores.

REMARKS.

" —O glorious *Nature!*
" Supremely fair, and ſovereignly good!
" All-loving, and all-lovely! all divine!
" Wiſe Subſtitute of Providence! *impower'd*
" *Creatreſs!* or *impow'ring Deity,*
" *Supreme Creator!*
" Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir *Iſaac Newton* diſtinguiſhes between theſe two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. ſub. fin.]---*Hunc cognoſcimus ſolummodo per proprietates ſuas et attributa, et per ſapientiſſimas et optimas rerum ſtructuras, et cauſas finales; venerarnur autem et colimus ob dominium.* Deus *etenim ſine dominio, providentia, et cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam* Fatum & Natura.

VER. 489. *roves,---Or wanders wild in Academic Groves.*] " Above all things I loved *Eaſe*, and of all Philoſophers thoſe " who reaſoned moſt *at their Eaſe*, and were never angry or " diſturbed, as thoſe called *Sceptics* never were. I looked upon " this kind of Philoſophy as the *prettieſt, agreeableſt, roving* " *Exerciſe of the mind*, poſſible to be imagined." Vol. ii. p. 206.

VER. 491. *That Nature our Society adorcs,*] See the *Pantheiſticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, compoſed by *Toland*, which very lately, for the Edification of the *Society*, has been tranſlated into Engliſh, and ſold by the Bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter.

VER. 492. *Where Tindal dictates and Silenus ſnores.*] It cannot be denied but that this fine ſtroke of ſatire againſt Atheiſm was well intended. But how muſt the Reader ſmile at our Author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as ſoon have found a Wolf in England as an *Atheiſt!* The truth is, the whole ſpecies was exterminated.

Rous'd at his name, up roſe the bowzy Sire,
And ſhook from out his Pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then ſnapt his box, and ſtrok'd his belly dowr
Roſy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddeſs D.
Then thus. From Prieſt-craft happily ſet free
Lo! ev'ry finiſh'd Son returns to thee:

REMARKS.

There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the of the Atchievement. Some, as Dr. Aſhenhurſt, ga Bentley's *Boylean Lectures*. And he ſo well convinc great Man of the truth, that wherever afterwards h *Atheiſt*, he always read it *A Theiſt*. But, in ſpite of a c well made out, others gave the honour of this expl later *Boylean Lecturer*. A *judicious* Apologiſt for Dr. againſt Mr. Whiſton, ſays, with no leſs elegance, than p neſs of Expreſſion, *It is a moſt certain truth that* the Dem tion of the being and attributes of God, *has extirp baniſhed Atheiſm out of the Chriſtian world*, p. 18. It is n be lamented, that the cleareſt truths have ſtill their de Here we ſee it becomes a doubt which of the two He was the Monſter-queller. But what of that? Since th is done, and the proof of it ſo *certain*, there is no c for ſo nice a canvaſſing of circumſtances. S

Ibid. *Silenus*] Silenus was an Epicurean Philoſop appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he ſings the pr of that Philoſophy in his drink.

VER. 491. *ſeeds of Fire*;] The Epicurean language *rerum*, or Atoms. Virg. Eclog. vi. *Semina ignis---ſemina*

VER. 499, 500. *From* Prieſt-craft *happily ſet free,*
Lo! ev'ry finiſh'd Son returns to thee:

The learned Scriblerus is here very whimſical. It woul ſays he, by this, as if the PRIESTS (who are always miſchief againſt the *Law of Nature*) had inveigled thei

e to Words, then vaſſal to a Name,
pe to Party; child and man the ſame;
by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by Art,
; head, and a contracted heart.
:d, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
on all, and ſmil'd on by a Queen?
out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
the moſt rebellious things on earth:
hy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
:d down, in Penſion, or in Punk!
B* ſneak'd into the grave,
rch's half, and half a Harlot's ſlave.
* nipt in Folly's broadeſt bloom,
ıſes now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.

REMARKS.

ıs from the boſom of their Mother, and kept them
:bellion to her, till Silenus broke the charm, and re-
m to her indulgent arms. But this is ſo ſingular a
d at the ſame time ſo unſupported by proof, that
n juſtice acquit them of all ſuſpicions of this kind.
501. *Firſt ſlave to words, etc.*] A Recapitulation of
:Courſe of modern Education deſcribed in this book,
ɔfines Youth to the ſtudy of *Words* only in Schools;
hem to the authority of *Syſtems* in the Univerſities;
es them with the names of *Party diſtinctions* in the
All equally concurring to narrow the Underſtand-
ſtabliſh Slavery and Error in Literature, Philoſophy,
ics. The whole finiſhed in modern Free thinking;
letion of whatever is vain, wrong, and deſtructive
ppineſs of mankind, as it eſtabliſhes *Self-love* for the
iple of Action.
506. *ſmil'd on by a Queen.*] i. e. This Queen or God-
ulneſs.

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast
Thy *Magus*, Goddess! shall perform the rest.
With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,

REMARKS.

VER. 517. *With that a Wizard old, etc.*] Here begi the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the dess, which the Poet in his Invocation, ver. 5, promised t For when now each Aspirant, as was the custom, had p his qualification and claim to a participation, the HIGH-P of Dulness first initiateth the Assembly by the usual v *Libation*. And then each of the Initiated, as was alwa quired, putteth on a *new Nature*, described in v. 530 *Impudence, and Stupefaction mild*, which the Ancient Wri the *Mysteries call* τῆς ψυχῆς ἕμα, the great prop or fulc the human mind. When the High Priest and Goddes thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the of his Conductor, an inferior Minister or *Herophant*, names are *Impudence, Stupefaction, Self-conceit, Self-i Pleasure, Epicurism, etc.* to lead them thro' the several ments of her Mystic Dome or Palace. When all this i the sovereign Goddess, from v. 565 to 600, conferre *Titles* and *Degrees*; rewards inseparably attendant on th *ticipation* of the *Mysteries*; which made the ancient *Th* of them --- κάλλιστα μὲν οὖν, καὶ τῶν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν, τὸ Μ μετχέειν. Hence being enriched with so many variou and Graces, *Initiation* into the Mysteries was ancien well as in these our times, esteemed a necessary qualifi for every high office and employment, whether in Chu State. Lastly the great Mother, the *Bona Dea*, shutteth

IMITATIONS.

VER. 518. *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former fri Sire, etc.*] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyss. iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φαρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἀπάντων.

Sire, Anceſtors, Himſelf. One caſt his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies,
A *Feather*, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King!

REMARKS.

Solemnity with her gracious benediction, which concludeth in drawing the curtain, and laying all her Children to reſt. It is to be obſerved that DULNESS, before this her Reſtoration had her Pontiffs *in Partibus*; who from time to time held her Myſteries in ſecret, and with great privacy. But now, on her Re-eſtabliſhment, ſhe celebrateth them, like thoſe of the *Cretans* (the moſt ancient of all Myſteries) in open day, and offereth them to the inſpection of all men.

Ibid. *his Cup---Which whoſo taſtes, etc.*] *The Cup of Self-love*, which cauſes a total oblivion of the obligations of Friendſhip, or Honour; and of the Service of God, or our Country; all ſacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worſhip, or the yet meaner conſiderations of Lucre and brutal Pleaſures. From ver. 520 to 528.

VER. 518.---*forgets his former Friends*,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to ſet aſide an *uſeleſs* friendſhip. For of all the accommodations of faſhionable life, as there are none more reputable, ſo there are none of ſo little charge as friendſhip. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and reſpect; and at the ſame time is ready to give place to every paſſion that offers to diſpute poſſeſſion with it. SCRIBL.

VER. 523, 524. *Loſt is his God, his Country---And nothing left but Homage to a King.*] So ſtrange as this muſt ſeem to a mere Engliſh reader, the famous Monſ. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good Subject in a Monarchy: "Where (ſays he) *there is no ſuch thing as Love of our Country*, "the Intereſt, the Glory, and Service of the *Prince*, ſupply "its place." *De la Republique*, chap. x.

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their Infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.

But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And ſtrait ſucceeded, leaving ſhame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

REMARKS.

Of this duty another celebrated *French* Author ſpeak deed a little more diſreſpectfully; which for that reaſor ſhall not tranſlate, but give in his own words, " L'Amo " la Patrie, le grand motif des prémiers Heros, n'eſt pl " gardé que comme une Chimère; l'idée du Service du " etendüe juſqu' à l'oubli de tout autre Principe, tient li " ce qu'on appelloit autrefois Grandeur d'Ame & Fidel *Boulain-villiers Hiſt. des Anciens Parlements de France, etc.*

VER. 528. *ſtill keep the human ſhape.*] The effects o Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a *total* corruptio heart, are juſt contrary to that of Circe, which only r ſents the *ſudden* plunging into pleaſures. Her's then took away the ſhape, and left the human mind; his away the mind, and leaves the human ſhape.

VER. 529. *But ſhe, good Goddeſs, etc.*] The only go people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or oth Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent, Self conceit to ſome, upon the Flatteries of their depen preſents the falſe colours of Intereſt to others, and buſi amuſes the reſt with idle Pleaſures or Senſuality, till become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpec here ſhadowed under Allegorical perſons.

VER. 532. *Cibberian forehead or Cimmerian gloom.*] i. e communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her C Collegues. The *Ciberian forehead* being to fit them for

Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himſelf a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others Int'reſt her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'reſt, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe.
Others the Syren Sifters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

REMARKS.

conceit, Self-Intereſt, &c. and the *Cimmerian gloom*, for the Pleaſures of Opera and the Table. SCRIBL.

VER. 544. *The balm of Dulneſs*] The true *Balm of Dulneſs*, called by the Greek Phyſicians Κολαξεία, is a *Sovereign* remedy againſt Inanity, and has its poetic name from the Goddeſs herſelf. Its ancient Diſpenſators were *her Poets*; and for that reaſon our Author, Book ii. v. 207. calls it *the Poets healing balm*: but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's Drops or Daffy's Elixir. It is prepared by the *Clergy*, as appears from ſeveral places of this poem: And by ver. 534, 535, it ſeems as if the *Nobility* had it made it up in their own houſes. This, which *Opera* is here ſaid to adminiſter, is but a ſpurious ſort. See my Diſſertation on the *Silphium* of the *Antients*. BENTL.

On ſome, a Prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is ſhrunk into an Urn:
The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toa
Another (for in all what one can ſhine?)
Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of the Vine.

REMARKS.

VER. 553. *The board with* ſpecious Miracles he loa Scriblerus ſeems at a loſs in this place. *Specioſa mirac* he) according to Horace, were the mo: ſtrous fabl Cyclops, Læſtrygons, Scylla, *&c.* What relation h to the transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pig Toads? I ſhall tell thee. The Læſtrygons ſpitted M Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers: and the fair turned to a Toad is ſimilar to the fair Virgin Scyll in a filthy beaſt. But here is the difficulty, why Pi ſo ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a Table. indeed might be cut into Larks at a ſecond dreſſing frugality: Yet that ſeems no probable motive, w conſider the extravagance before-mentioned, of d whole Oxen and Boars into a ſmall vial of Jelly; expreſly ſaid, that *all Fleſh is nothing in his ſight.* ſearched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feaſt of Trimal vain: I can only reſolve it into ſome myſterious ſupe Rite, as it is ſaid to be done by a *Prieſt*, and ſoon aft a *Sacrifice*, attended (as all ancient ſacrifices were) *bation* and *Song*. S

This good Scholiaſt, not being acquainted with Luxury, was ignorant that theſe were only the mi *French Cookery*, and that particularly *Pigeons en crapea* common diſh.

VER. 556. Seve *and* Verdeur] French Terms rel Wines, which ſignify their flavour and poignancy.

Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
Villandri preſervoit ſa Seve *&* *ſa* Verdeur. Dé

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
Thy Treaſles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?
With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
Waſh Bladen white, and expiate Hays's ſtain.
KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crouds undone,
To three eſſential Partridges in one?
Gone ev'ry bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*.
Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,

REMARKS.

t. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to *a Nobleman in diſ-race*, adviſing him to ſeek comfort in a *good Table*, and par-cularly to be attentive to *theſe Qualities* in his Champaigne.

VER. 560. *Bladen—Hays*] Names of Gameſters. Bladen a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT Caſhier of the South-a Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards ardoned in 1742.)—Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnifi-nce at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by perſons the firſt quality of England, and even by Princes of the lood of France.

Ibid. *Bladen, &c.*] The former Note of *Bladen is a black an*, is very abſurd. The Manuſcript here is partly oblite-ted, and doubtleſs could only have been, *Waſh* Blackmoors *hite*, alluding to a known Proverb. SCRIBL.

VER. 567.

Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare *at the Inns of Court.*]

I would that Scholiaſt diſcharge his duty, who ſhould neglect honour thoſe whom DULNESS has *diſtinguiſhed*: or ſuffer em to lie forgotten, when their rare modeſty would have left

Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertú profcfs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 57

REMARKS.

them nameleſs. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Servic which have been done her Cauſe, by one Mr. Thomas E WARDS, a *Gentleman*, as he is pleaſed to call himſelf, of *Li coln's Inn*; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Duncia or, to ſpeak him better, in the plain language of our hon Anceſtors to ſuch Muſhrooms, *A Gentleman of the laſt Editio* who nobly eluding the ſolicitude of his careful Father, ve early retained himſelf in the cauſe of *Dulneſs* againſt *Shakeſpe* and with the wit and learning of his Anceſtor *Tom Thim* in the *Rehearſal*, and with the air of good nature and polit neſs of *Caliban* in the *Tempeſt*, hath now happily finiſhed t *Dunce's progreſs*, in perſonal abuſe. For a Libeller is nothi but a Grub-ſtreet Critic run to Seed.

Lamentable is the Dulneſs of the Gentlemen of the Dun ciad. This *Fungoſo* and his friends, who are Gentleme have exclaimed much againſt us for reflecting on his *birt* in the words, *a Gentleman of the laſt Edition*, which we herel declare concern not his *birth* but his *adoption* only: And me no more than that he is become *a Gentleman of the laſt Editi of the Dunciad*. Since Gentlemen, then, are ſo captious, v think it proper to declare, that Mr. Thomas Thimble, wh is here ſaid to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Anceſtor, is on related to him by the Muſe's ſide. SCRIBL

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here ſo well e emplified, our Poet hath elſewhere admirably characteriz in that happy line,

A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead.

For the ſatire extends much farther than to the perſon wh occaſioned it, and takes in the whole ſpecies of thoſe whom a good Education (to fit them for ſome uſeful and learn profeſſion) has been beſtowed in vain. That worthleſs Ba

Of ever liſtleſs Loit'rers, that attend
No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no Friend.

Who, with an underſtanding too diſſipated and futile for t

Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
Or issue Members of an Annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Then, blessing all, Go, Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Remarks.

offices of *civil* life; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of *social*, become fit for nothing: And turn *Wits* and *Critics*, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. *Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race*] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race: He has here provided, that in case they will not be taken or open (as was before proposed) to a *Humming-Bird* or a *Cockle*, yet at worst they may be made Free-Masons; where *Taciturnity* is the only essential Qualification, as it was the *chief* of the disciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. *A Gregorian, one a Gormogon*] A sort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the Root of the Free-Masons.

Ver. 581.

All my commands are easy, short, *and* full:
My Sons! be proud, *be* selfish, *and be* dull.]

We should be unjust to the reign of *Dulness* not to confess that her's has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in Modern Governments, which is, that the public *Education* of her Youth is and prepares them for the observance of her *Laws*, and

Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.
The Cap and Switch be ſacred to his Grace;
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race;

REMARKS.

the exertion of thoſe *Virtues* ſhe recommends. For what makes men *prouder* than the empty *knowledge of Words*; what more *ſelfiſh* than the Free thinker's *Syſtem of Morals*; or dulle than the profeſſion of true *Virtuoſoſhip*? Nor are her *Inſtitution* leſs admirable in themſelves, than in the fitneſs of theſe thei ſeveral relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. Fo ſhe tells her Sons, and with great truth, that "all her com- "mands are *eaſy*, *ſhort*, and *full*." For is any thing in na ture more *eaſy* than the exertion of *Pride*; more *ſhort* an *ſimple* than the principle of *Selfiſhneſs*; or more *full* and *ample* than the ſphere of *Dulneſs*? Thus, Birth, Education, and wh Policy, all concurring to ſupport the throne of our Goddeſs great muſt be the ſtrength thereof. SCRIBL.

VER. 584. *each* Privilege *your own*, *&c.*] This ſpeech o Dulneſs to her Sons at parting may poſſibly fall ſhort of th Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddeſs migh give them a Charge of more conſequence, and, from ſuch Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice o ſomething more extraordinary, than to perſonate Runnin Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, *&c.*

But if it be well conſidered, that whatever inclination the might have to do miſchief, her ſons are generally render harmleſs by their Inability; and that it is the common effe of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt efforts) to defeat her own ſign; the Poet, I am perſuaded, will be juſtified, and it v be allowed that theſe worthy perſons, in their ſeveral ran do as much as can be expected from them.

VER. 585. *The Cap and Switch*, *&c.*] The Goddeſs's politi balance of favour, in the diſtribution of her rewards, deſer our notice. It conſiſts in joining with thoſe Honours clai by birth and high place, others more adapted to the geni

From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron Butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line;
The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball;
The Biſhop ſtow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.

REMARKS.

talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, *John of Leiden*, King of Munſter, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, *Knipperdolling*, General of his Horſe and Hangman. And had but Fortune ſeconded his great ſchemes of Reformation, it is ſaid, he would have eſtabliſhed his whole Houſhold on the ſame reaſonable footing. SCRIBL.

VER. 590. *Arachne's ſubtile line*;] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, ſee the Phil. Tranſ.

VER. 591. *The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call*;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and ſolemn *Dance*, intitled *A call of Sergeants*.

VER. 598. *Teach Kings to fiddle.*] An ancient amuſement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though deſpiſed by Themiſtocles, who was a Republican—*Make Senates dance*, either after their Prince, or to Pontoiſe, or Siberia.

Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one Monarch more:
And nobly conſcious, Princes are but things
Born for Firſt Miniſters, as Slaves for Kings,
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three Eſtates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LA
More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd--All Nature n
What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?
Churches and Chapels inſtantly it reach'd;
(St. James's firſt, for leaden G— preach'd)

REMARKS.

VER. 606. *What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?*] verſe is truly Homerical; as is the concluſion of the A where the great Mother compoſes all, in the ſame mann Minerva at the period of the Odyſſey.—It may indeed ſe very ſingular Epitaſis of a Poem, to end as this does, w *Great Yawn*; but we muſt conſider it as the *Yawn of a* and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, moſt lon grave counſels concluding in this very manner: Nor wi Authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one c moſt conſiderable of his works with a *Roar*; but then it *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are deſcribed as the ſtrophe of the Poem.

VER. 607. *Churches and Chapels, &c.*] The Progreſs o Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. it ſeizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth Schools, where, tho' the boys be unwilling to ſleep Maſters are not: Next Weſtminſter-hall, much more indeed to ſubdue, and not totally put to ſilence even b Goddeſs: Then the Convocation, which tho' extremel ſtrous to ſpeak, yet cannot: Even the Houſe of Comm juſtly called the Senſe of the Nation, is *loſt* (that is t *ſuſpended*) during the Yawn (far be it from our Auth ſuggeſt it could be loſt any longer!) but it ſpreadeth at

Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall ſcarce kept awake;
The convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak:
Loſt was the Nation's Senſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn Uniſon went round:
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd Treaties in each Office ſlept;
And Chiefleſs Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

REMARKS.

over all the reſt of the Kingdom, to ſuch a degree, that Palinurus himſelf (though as incapable of ſleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, though ever ſo momentary, could not but cauſe ſome Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

VER. 610. *The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak:*] Implying a great deſire ſo to do, as the learned Scholiaſt on the place rightly obſerves. Therefore, beware Reader, leſt thou take this *Gape* for a *Yawn*, which is attended with no deſire but to go to reſt: by no means the diſpoſition of the Convocation; whoſe melancholy caſe in ſhort is this: She was, as is *reported*, infected with the general influence of the Goddeſs; and while ſhe was yawning carelefly at her eaſe, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a *Gag* into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gaping*; and this diſtreſsful poſture our poet here deſcribes, juſt as ſhe ſtands at this day, a ſad example of the effects of Dulneſs and Malice uncheck'd and deſpiſed. BENTL.

VER. 615, 618.] Theſe Verſes were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is miſtaken, or whoever elſe have imagined this Poem of a freſher date.

O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort Memories, and Dunces none)
Relate, who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt;
Whoſe heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt;
What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;
Till drown'd was Senſe, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong—
O ſing, and huſh the Nations with thy Song!

REMARKS.

VER. 620. *Wits have ſhort Memories,*] This ſeems to be the reaſon why the Poets, when they give us a Catalogue, conſtantly call for help on the Muſes, who, as the Daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'——

And Virgil, Æn. vii.

Et meminiſtis enim, Divæ, & memorare poteſtis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

But our Poet had yet another reaſon for putting this Taſk upon the Muſe, that, all beſides being *aſleep*, ſhe only could relate what paſſed. SCRIBL.

VER. 624. *The Venal quiet, and &c.*] It were a Problem

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VER. 621. *Relate who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt;*
Whoſe heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt.]
Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum aſpera Virgo
Dejicis? aut quot humi, morientia corpora *fundis?* VIRG.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-compoſing Hour
Reſiſtleſs falls: the Muſe obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! ſhe comes! the ſable Throne behold
Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old!
Before her, *Fancy*'s gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit ſhoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.

REMARKS.

worthy the ſolution of that profound Scholiaſt, Mr. Upton himſelf (and perhaps not of leſs importance than ſome of thoſe ſo long diſputed amongſt Homer's) to inform us, which required the greateſt effort of our Goddeſs's power, to *intrance the Dull*, or to *quiet the Venal*. For though the *Venal* may be more unruly than the *Dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to *intrance* than barely to *quiet*. SCRIBL.

VER. 629. *She comes! ſhe comes! &c.*] Here the Muſe, like Jove's Eagle, after a ſudden ſtoop at ignoble game, ſoareth again to the ſkies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poeſy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the ſtyle of other prophets, hath uſed the future tenſe for the preterit: ſince what he ſays ſhall be, is already to be ſeen, in the writings of ſome even of our moſt adored authors, in Divinity, Philoſophy, Phyſics, Metaphyſics, *&c.* who are too good indeed to be named in ſuch company.

Ibid. *The ſable Throne behold*] The ſable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here repreſented as advancing to extinguiſh the light of the Sciences, in the firſt place blot out the Colours of *Fancy* and damp the Fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their work.

As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſick'ning ſtars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night:
See ſkulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Caſuiſtry heap'd o'er her head!
Philoſophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 643. in the former Ed. it ſtood thus,

Philoſophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, and is no more.

And this was intended as a cenſure of the Newtonian philoſophy. For the poet had been miſled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philoſophy had recurred to the *occult qualities of Ariſtotle*. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing ſuperficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been conſulted in this matter, it is certain that ſo unjuſt a reflection had never diſcredited ſo noble a ſatire. When I hinted to him how he had been impoſed upon, he changed the lines with great pleaſure into a compliment (as they now ſtand) on that divine genius, and a ſatire on the folly by which he the Poet himſelf had been miſled.

REMARKS.

VER. 641. Truth *to her old Cavern fled.*] Alluding to the ſaying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler ſays, *He firſt put her in, before he drew her out.*

VER. 643. Philoſophy, *that lean'd on Heav'n*] Philoſophy has at length brought things to that paſs, as to have it eſteem-

Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence, 645
And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense!*

REMARKS.

d unphilosophical to rest in the *first cause*; as if its ends vere an endless indagation of cause after cause, without ever oming to the first. So that to avoid this unlearned dis- race, some of the propagators of our best philosophy have ad recourse to the contrivance here hinted at. For this hilosophy, which is founded in the principle of *Gravitation*, irst considered that property in matter, as something ex- rinsecal to it, and impressed immediately by God upon it. Which fairly and modestly coming up to the first Cause, was ushing natural enquiries as far as they should go. But this topping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the naxim of the great founder of this Philosophy, *Bacon*, who ays, *Circa ultimates rerum frustranea est inquisitio*, was mistaken y foreign philosophers as recurring to the *occult* qualities of he Peripatetics.

Pulsantes equidem vires intelligo nusquam
Occultas magicisque pares—
Sed gravitas etiam crescat, dum corpora centro
Accedunt propius. *Videor mihi cernere terrâ*
Emergens quidquid caliginis ac tenebrarum
Pellæi Juvenis Doctor conjecerat olim
In Physicæ studium: solitum dare nomina rebus,
Pro causis, uxoque secans problemata verbo. Anti-Lucr.

'o avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was ought proper to seek for the *cause* of *gravitation* in a certain *stic fluid*, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead f really advancing in natural enquiries, we were brought

IMITATIONS.

VER. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.*]

Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat—
—Vidit Cyllenius omnes
Succubuisse oculos, &c. Ovid. Met. ii.

See *Myſtery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires.

REMARKS.

back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unſatisfa *ſecond cauſe*:

Philoſophy, that *lean'd* on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her *ſecond cauſe*, and is no more.

For it might ſtill, by the ſame kind of objection, be aſked, was the *cauſe* of that *elaſticity*? See this folly cenſured, v..

VER. 645, 646. Phyſic *of* Metaphyſic, *&c.*—*And* Meta ſic *calls*, *&c.*] Certain writers, as Malbranche, Norris, ar thers, have thought it of importance, in order to ſecur exiſtence of the *ſoul*, to bring in queſtion the reality of *l* which they have attempted to do by a very refined *meta cal* reaſoning: While others of the ſame party, in orde perſuade us of the neceſſity of a Revelation which pro immortality, have been as anxious to prove that thoſe q ties which are commonly ſuppoſed to belong only to an material Being, are but the reſult from the ſenſations of ter, and the ſoul naturally mortal. Thus, between theſe ferent reaſonings, they have left us neither Soul nor Body; the Sciences of Phyſics and Metaphyſics the leaſt ſuppor making them depend upon, and go a begging to, one anot

VER. 647. *See* Myſtery *to* Mathematics *fly!*] A ſort of who make human reaſon the adequate meaſure of all T having pretended that whatſoever is not fully comprehe by it, is contrary to it; certain defenders of Religion, would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far i oppoſite folly, and attempted to ſhew that the myſteri Religion may be mathematically demonſtrated; as the au of *Philoſophic*, or *Aſtronomic Principles* of Religion, *natural revealed*; who have much prided themſelves on reflecti fantaſtic light upon religion from the frigid ſubtilty of ſc moonſhine.

VER. 649. Religion *bluſhing veils her ſacred fires*,] *Bluſhi*

ublic Flame, nor *private*, dares to ſhine;
uman Spark is left, nor Glimpſe *divine!*
thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is reſtor'd,
dies before thy uncreating word:
and, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall; 655
univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

REMARKS.

t the memory of the *paſt* overflow of dulneſs, when
barous learning of ſo many ages was wholly employed
upting the ſimplicity, and defiling the purity of Re-
as at the view of theſe her falſe ſupports in the *pre-*
of which it would be endleſs to recount the particulars.
er, amidſt the extinction of all other Lights, ſhe is ſaid
withdraw hers; as hers alone in its own nature is
nguiſhable and eternal.

. 650. *And unawares* Morality *expires.*] It appears from
that our Poet was of very different ſentiments from
ithor of the Characteriſtics, who has written a formal
on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable,
it the ſupport of Religion. The word *unawares* al-
to the confidence of thoſe men, who ſuppoſe that
ty would flouriſh beſt without it, and conſequently to
prize ſuch would be in (if any ſuch there are) who
love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the
m of their Country.

The END of the FOURTH BOOK.

By the AUTHOR

DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and
s, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and
ng to themselves the name of Critics and
s, have taken upon them to adulterate the
n and current sense of our Glorious An-
Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, de-
he images, mixing their own base allay, or
ise falsifying the same; which they publish,
nd vend as genuine: The said Haber-
s having no right thereto, as neither heirs,
rs, administrators, assigns, or in any
ted to such Poets, to all or any of them:
e, having carefully revised this our Dunciad,
ning with the words The Mighty Mother,

d thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the *Books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly Read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand, hundred, and fifty six* verses," instead of "*one thousand twelve* lines;" such being the initial and final words, the true and entire contents of this poem.

and ending with the words buries All, containi
the entire ſum of One thouſand ſeven hundred a
fifty-four verſes, declare every word, figure, poi
and comma of this impreſsion to be authenti
And do therefore ſtrictly enjoin and forbid a
perſon or perſons whatſoever, to eraſe, rever
put between hooks, or by any other means,
rectly or indirectly, change or mangle any of the
And we do hereby earneſtly exhort all our b
thren to follow this our example, which we heart
wiſh our great Predeceſſors had heretofore
as a remedy and prevention of all ſuch abuſe
Provided always, that nothing in this Declarati
ſhall be conſtrued to limit the lawful and u
doubted right of every ſubject of this Realm,
judge, cenſure, or condemn, in the whole or
part, any Poem or Poet whatſoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third d
of January, in the year of our Lord O
thouſand, ſeven hundred, thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

Thou art to know, reader! that the firſt Edition there
like that of Milton, was never ſeen by the Author (thou
living and not blind:) The Editor himſelf confeſs'd as m
in his Preface: And no two poems were ever publiſhed
ſo arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this, had as bold
ſuppreſſed whole Paſſages, yea the entire laſt book, as
Editor of Paradiſe loſt, added and augmented. Milt
himſelf gave but *ten* books, his Editor *twelve*; this Auth
gave *four* books, his Editor only *three*. But we have happi
done juſtice to both; and preſume we ſhall live, in this o
laſt labour, as long as in any of our others. BENTL

APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five firſt imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER [a] to the READER.

IT will be found a true obſervation, tho' ſomewhat ſurprizing, that when any ſcandal is vented againſt a man of the higheſt diſtinction and cha-

[a] *The Publiſher*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that moſt judges "are of opinion this preface is not of Engliſh extraction, "but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publiſher or not, may be ſaid in a ſort to be author of the poem. For when he, toge her with Mr. Pope (for reaſons ſpecified in the preface to their Miſcellanies) determined to own the moſt trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to deſtroy all that remained in their power; the firſt ſketch of this poem was ſnatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who perſuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inſcribed. But the occaſion of printing it was as follows:

racter, either in the ſtate or literature, th
general afford it a moſt quiet reception
larger part accept it as favourably as if it
kindneſs done to themſelves: whereas
ſcoundrel or blockhead but chance to
upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and
the common cauſe of all ſcriblers, book
printers whatſoever.

Not to ſearch too deeply into the reaſo

There was publiſhed in thoſe Miſcellanies, a T
Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which v
where the ſpecies of bad writers were ranged i
initial letters of names prefixed, for the moſt pa
But ſuch was the Number of Poets eminent in
ſome one or other took every letter to himſelf,
ſo violent a fury, that for half a year, or more,
News-papers (in moſt of which they had ſome
being hired writers) were filled with the moſt
bloods and ſcurrilities they could poſſibly deviſe
ways to be wondered at in thoſe people, and in
that, for many years, during the uncontrolled I
preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great characte
and this with impunity, their own perſons and
utterly ſecret and obſcure. This gave Mr. Pope
that he had now ſome opportunity of doing
tecting and dragging into light theſe commor
mankind; ſince to invalidate this univerſal ſlan
to ſhew what contemptible men were the auth
was not without hopes, that by manifeſting
thoſe who had only malice to recommend then
booksellers would not find their account in empl
the men themſelves, when diſcovered, want cc
ceed in ſo unlawful an occupation. This it was t
to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happineſ
late flood of ſlander on himſelf, he had acquire
culiar right over their Names as was neceſſary

will only obſerve as a fact, that every week for theſe two months paſt, the town has been perſecuted with [b] pamphlets, advertiſements, letters, and weekly eſſays, not only againſt the wit and writings, but againſt the character and perſon of Mr. Pope. And that of all thoſe men who have received pleaſure from his works, which by modeſt computation may be about a [c] hundred thouſand in theſe kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jerſey, Guernſey, the Orcades, thoſe in the new world, and foreigners who have tranſlated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath ſtood up to ſay one word in his defence.

The only exception is the [d] author of the following poem, who doubtleſs had either a better in-

[b] *pamphlets, advertiſements, &c.*] See the Liſt of thoſe anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inſerted before the Poem.

[c] *about a hundred thouſand*] It is ſurpriſing with what ſtupidity this preface, which is almoſt a continued irony, was taken by thoſe authors. All ſuch paſſages as theſe were underſtood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be ſerious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Tho' I grant "the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; "yet, when I read it with thoſe *vain glorious* encumbrances "of Notes and Remarks upon it, *etc.*---it is amazing, that "you, who have writ with ſuch maſterly ſpirit upon the "ruling Paſſion, ſhould be ſo blind a ſlave to your own, as "not to ſee how far a *low avarice of Praiſe*," *etc.* (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

[d] *The author of the following poem, etc.*] A very plain irony, ſpeaking of Mr. Pope himſelf.

Hence alſo we learn the true title of t
which with the ſame certainty as we ca
Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of
the Luſiad, we may pronounce, could h
and can be no other than

The DUNCIAD.

It is ſtyled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* ſo
with reſpect to its nature, which, accord
beſt rules of the ancients, and ſtricteſt id
moderns, is critically ſuch; but alſo with
the heroical diſpoſition and high courage of
who dar'd to ſtir up ſuch a formidable, irri
implacable race of mortals.

There may ariſe ſome obſcurity in
from the *Names* in the poem, by the in
moval of ſome authors, and inſertion of
their niches. For whoever will conſider t
the whole deſign, will be ſenſible, that th
not made for theſe authors, but theſe aut
poem. I ſhould judge that they were cla
they roſe, freſh and freſh, and chang'd fr
day; in like manner as when the old bou
we thruſt new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much
anxious, if he cannot decypher them;

in Statius: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*,
"formed." Mr. Ward alſo follows him in the

we ſhall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the perſons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preſerve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the ſatire would only be multiplied, and applied to many inſtead of one. Had the hero, for inſtance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. *&c.* but now all that unjuſt ſcandal is ſaved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real perſon.

II.

A LIST of

BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,

In which our Author was abuſed, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and ſatirical on a late Rhapſody, called, An Eſſay on Criticiſm. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price *6d.*

A New Rehearſal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon.

[by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Rol price 1*s*.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope by his intended tranſlation of Homer. Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Duck printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9*d*.

Æſop at the Bear-garden; a viſion, of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preſtc John Morphew, 1715, price 6*d*.

The Catholic Poet, or Proteſtant Ba rowful Lamentation; a Ballad about H By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, p

An Epilogue to a Puppet-ſhew at Ba ing the ſaid Iliad. By George Ducket by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What d'ye ca [by Griffin a player, ſuperviſed by printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his a letter to a friend. Anon, [Dennis] p Popping, 1716, price 3*d*.

The confederates, a Farce. By [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burl price 1*s*.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's tranſlatior with two letters concerning the Windſo the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis E. Curl, 1717, price 1*s* 6*d*.

Satyrs on the tranſlators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6*d.*

The Triumvirate: or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welſted] 1721, Folio, price 1*s.*

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts. Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Eſſay on Criticiſm, in proſe. By the Author of the Critical Hiſtory of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of ſeveral gentlemen libelled by S—— and P——, in a late Miſcellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verſes, Letters, Eſſays, or Advertiſements, in the public Prints.

Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on

Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. [Writ by canen.

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A I Philo-mauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Theri cuſing the author of diſaffection to the Go By James-Moore Smith.

Mift's Weekly Journal, March 30. An the Arts of a Poet's ſinking in reputatio Supplement to the art of ſinking in Poet poſed by Mr. Theobald]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under of Philo ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Poſt, April 4. A Letter againſt and Mr. P. [by Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Poſt, April 6. A Fragm Treatiſe upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Old

The Senator, April 9. On the ſame. E Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertiſement l Moore Smith.

Flying Poſt, April 13. Verſes againſt and againſt Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Old

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about lation of the character of Therſites in H Thomas Cooke, *&c.*

ſt's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter ot Theobald.

ily Journal, May 11. A Letter againſt Mr. P. ge. Anon. [John Dennis.]

theſe were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, iled, A Collection of all the Verſes, Eſſays, rs, and Advertiſements occaſioned by Mr. and Swift's Miſcellanies, prefaced by Conca- Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, , price 1s. Others of an elder date, having s waſte Paper many years, were, upon the pub- on of the Dunciad, brought out, and their ors betrayed by the mercenary Bookſellers (in of ſome poſſibility of vending a few) by adver- them in this manner.—" The Confederates, a ce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put o the Dunciad.) An Epilogue to Powel's ppet-ſhow. By Col. Ducket (for which he is t into the Dunciad.) Eſſays, &c. By Sir chard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a paſſage this Book that Sir Richard was put into the unciad.)" And ſo of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

n Eſſay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for berts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally red, " That the complaint of the aforeſaid

" Libels and Advertiſements was forged and un
" that all mouths had been ſilent, except in
" Pope's praiſe; and nothing againſt him publ
" but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verſe, occaſioned by the ciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. I [a perſon never mentioned in it at firſt, but in after] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A compleat Key to the Dunciad. By E. 12mo. pr. 6d.

A ſecond and third edition of the ſame, with ditions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. nis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the ſame E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the Mr. Curl, 12mo, price 6d. With the Metamo ſis of P. into a ſtinging Nettle. By Mr. Fo 12mo.

The Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus into Snar By J. Smedley, printed for A Moore, folio, pric

The Dunciad diſſected. By Curl and Mrs. Th 12mo.

An Eſſay on the Taſte and Writings of the p times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By Oldmixon, octavo.

rks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedi-
Theobald, octavo.

)plement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew
n, octavo.

Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter,
7. A. Writ by ſome or other of the club of
d, Dennis, Moore, Cancanen, Cooke, who
time held conſtant weekly meetings for theſe
performances.

Journal, June 11. A Letter ſign'd Philo-
s, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr.
d, in verſe, ſigned B. M. [Bezaleel Morris]
Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about
in the ſame papers, by James Moore, and

Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis
d.

Poſt, Auguſt 8. Letter on Pope and

Journal, Auguſt 8. Letter charging the
of the Dunciad with Treaſon.

en: a plain ſatire on a pompous ſatirift. By
Ward, with a little of James Moore.

o's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

veriana ſecunda. Being a Collection of many
Libels in the News-papers, like the former
, under the ſame title, by Smedley. Adver-
the Craftſman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this

remarkable promiſe, that "*any thing* which a
"ſhould ſend as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's,
"be inſerted and publiſhed as theirs."

Pope Alexander's ſupremacy and infallibility
mined, &c. By George Ducket, and John D
quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphraſe on the iv^th^ cha
Geneſis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verſes by Leonard W
which after came into *One Epiſtle*, and was pub
by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another p
it came out in Welſted's own name, under th
title of Dulneſs and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been ſince publiſhed,

Verſes on the Imitator of Horace. By a
[or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-'ſq
Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epiſtle from a Nobleman to a Doct
Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——
Printed for J. Roberts alſo, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. P
for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, octavo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes, in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be ſufficient to ſay of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot anſwer but ſome miſtakes may have ſlipt into it, but a vaſt number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only ſet at length, but juſtified by the authorities and reaſons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to uſe real rather than feigned names, was his care to preſerve the innocent from any falſe application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffenſive; and (what was worſe) to abuſe his friends, by an impreſſion at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was ſent me from ſeveral hands, and conſequently muſt be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over moſt commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote diſtance of time: And the reader cannot but derive one pleaſure from the very *Obſcurity* of the perſons it treats of, that it par-

takes of the nature of a *Secret*, which moſt people love to be let into, tho' the men or the things be ever ſo inconſiderable or trivial.

Of the *Perſons* it was judged proper to give ſome account: for ſince it is only in this monument that they muſt expect to ſurvive (and here ſurvive they will, as long as the Engliſh tongue ſhall remain ſuch as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE,) it ſeemed but humanity to beſtow a word or two upon each, juſt to tell what he was, what he writ when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breaſt, to mark the enormities for which they ſuffered; leſt the correction only ſhould be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In ſome articles it was thought ſufficient, barely to tranſcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Moſt of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occaſions; but the few here inſerted are all that could be ſaved from the general deſtruction of ſuch works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need ſay nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but thoſe who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the Ancients are added, to

gratify thoſe who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with ſome of the Parodies and alluſions to the moſt excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the farmer, any man think the poem too much a Cento, our poet will but appear to have done the ſame thing in jeſt which Boileau did in earneſt; and upon which Vida, Fracaſtorius, and many of the moſt eminent Latin poets, profeſſedly valued themſelves.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION of

The FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD, when printed ſeparately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three firſt books of the Dunciad, that we publiſh the Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a ſurvey of the *Library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in ſo blotted a condition, and in ſo many detached pieces, as plainly ſhewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfiniſhed*. That the author of the three firſt books had a deſign

to extend and complete his poem in this mar appears from the diſſertation prefixed to it, whe is ſaid, that *the deſign is more extenſive, and tha may expect other epiſodes to complete it:* And from declaration in the argument to the third book, *the accompliſhment of the prophecies therein would b theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.* But whethe no he be the author of this, we declare ourſe ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be bla for the publication of it, than Tucca and Variu that of the laſt ſix books of the Æneid, tho' per inferior to the former.

If any perſon be poſſeſſed of a more perfect of this work, or of any other fragments of it, will communicate them to the publiſher, we make the next edition more complete: In whicl alſo promiſe to inſert any *Criticiſms* that ſhall be liſhed (if at all to the purpoſe) with the *Names* o *Authors*; or any letters ſent us (tho' not to the poſe) ſhall yet be printed under the title of *Epi Obſcurorum Virorum*; which, together with ſome ot of the ſame kind formerly laid by for that end, make no unpleaſant addition to the future impreſ of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a deſign of giving ſome ſort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happineſs of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Eſſay on Man*, and have ſince finiſhed another on the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: but I ſtill thought ſome additions were wanting (of a more ſerious kind) to the humorous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to thoſe written by Mr. *Cleland*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and others. I had lately the pleaſure to paſs ſome months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long deſired, and favour me with his explanation of ſeveral paſſages in his works. It happened, that juſt at that juncture was publiſhed a ridiculous book againſt him, full of Perſonal Reflections, which furniſh'd him with a lucky opportunity of improving *This Poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, *a more conſiderable Hero*. He was always ſenſible of its defect in that particular, and

owned he had let it pass with the hero it
ly for want of a better, not entertaining th
pectation that such an one was reserved fo
as has since obtained the *Laurel:* But sinc
happened, he could no longer deny this ju
to *him* or the *Dunciad.*

And yet I will venture to say, there w
motive which had still more weight wi
thor: This person was one, who from
(not to say Vice) of which another would
ed, has constantly derived a *Vanity*; an
was the *man in the world who would least it.*

VI.

ADVERTISEME

Printed in the JOURNALS, 17

WHEREAS, upon occasion of cer
relating to the Gentlemen of the
some have been willing to suggest, as if t
upon them as an *abuse:* we can do no less
it is our opinion, that to call these gen
numbers is no sort of *abuse*, but a great

8

it alter this opinion without ſome reaſon; but omiſe to do it in reſpect to every perſon who s it an injury to be repreſented as no *Wit*, or provided he procures a Certificate of his beeally ſuch, from any *three of his companions* in Dunciad, or from Mr. *Dennis ſingly*, who is ned equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A

PARALLEL

OF THE

CHARACTERS

OF

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good ſenſe [a]. A true republican ſon of monarchical Church [b]. A republican Atheiſt [c]. Dryden was from the beginning

[a] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.
[b] pag. 38. [c] pag. 192.

VII.

A

PARALLEL

OF THE

CHARACTERS

OF

Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. POPE,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of ming [a]. Some call him a popiſh whig, which is ſtly inconſiſtent [b]. Pope, as a Papiſt, muſt

[a] Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii.
[b] Dunciad diſſected.

an ἀλλοτρίοσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue to the laſt [d].

In the Poem called *Abſalom* and *Achitophel* i notoriouſly traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, t LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honoural perſons expos'd, but the whole NATION and its R PRESENTATIVES notoriouſly libell'd. It is *ſcandal magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itſelf [e].

He looks upon God's Goſpel as a fooliſh fab like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor His very chriſtianity may be queſtioned [g]. He ou to expect more ſeverity than other men, as he moſt unmerciful in his own reflections on others With as good a right as his Holineſs, he ſets for poetical infallibility [i].

Mr. DRYDEN only a Verſifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautified (wh is all that can be ſaid of it) with good metre [k]. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing m than his Verſification, and whether he is to be nobled for that only, is a queſtion [l].

[d] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo, 1691. p. 8.
[e] Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1688. [f] Ibid. [g] Milbourn, p. 9. [h] Ibid. p. [i] pag. 39. [k] Whip and Key, Pref. [l] Oldmi Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 84.

be a tory and high flyer [c]. He is both whig and tory [d].

He hath made it his cuſtom to cackle to more than one party in their own ſentiments [e].

In his Miſcellanies, the Perſons abuſed are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houſes of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the eſtabliſhed CHURCH, the preſent MINISTRY, &c. To make Senſe of ſome paſſages, they muſt be conſtrued into ROYAL SCANDAL [f].

He is a Popiſh Rhymeſter, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings [g]. His Religion allows him to deſtroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and ſword; and ſuch were all thoſe unhappy Wits whom he ſacrificed to his accurſed Popiſh Principles [h]. It deſerved Vengeance to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Pope had leſs Infallibility than his Nameſake at Rome [i].

Mr. POPE only a Verſifier.

The ſmooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit [k]. It muſt

[c] Pref. to Gulliveriana. [d] Dennis, Character of Mr. P.
[e] Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22. 1728.
[f] Liſt, at the end of a Collection of Verſes, Letters, Advertiſements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6. [g] Dennis's Remarks on Homer. p. 27.
[h] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. [i] Dedication to the Collection of Verſes, Letters, &c. p. 9. [k] Miſt's Journal of June 8, 1728.

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonſon calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to ſhew that this is not that Virgil ſo admir'd in the Auguſtean age; but a Virgil of another ſtamp, a ſilly, impertinent, nonſenſical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil [m]; and none but ſuch unthinking Vermin admire his Tranſlator [n]. It is true, ſoft and eaſy lines might become Ovid's Epiſtles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majeſtic, *&c.* requires ſtrength of lines, weight of words, and cloſeneſs of expreſſions; not an ambling Muſe running on Carpet-ground, and ſhod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberleſs faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expreſſion [o].

Mr. DRYDEN underſtood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Weſtminſter ſchool: Dr. Buſby would have whipt him for ſo childiſh a Paraphraſe [p]. The meaneſt Pedant in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for conſtruing ſo abſurdly [q]. The Tranſlator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity [r]. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, o

[m] Milbourn, p. 2.
[n] Pag. 35.
[o] Pag. 22, and 192.
[p] Milbourn, p. 72.
[q] Pag. 203.
[r] Pag. 78.

owned that he hath got a notable knack of yming and writing ſmooth verſe [l].

Mr. POPE's HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk ke Homer, but like Pope; and he who tranſlated m, one would ſwear, had a hill in Tipperary for s Parnaſſus, and a puddle in ſome Bog for his Hipcrene [m]. He has no Admirers among thoſe that n diſtinguiſh, diſcern, and judge [n].

He hath a knack at ſmooth verſe, but without ther Genius or good ſenſe, or any tolerable knowdge of Engliſh. The qualities which diſtinguiſh lomer are the beauties of his Diction and the Harıony of his Verſification—But this little Author, ho is ſo much in vogue, has neither ſenſe in his houghts nor Engliſh in his Expreſſions [o].

Mr. POPE underſtood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to tranſlate Homer from the reek, of which he knows not one word, into ngliſh, of which he underſtands as little [p]. I wonıer how this Gentleman would look, ſhould it be iſcovered, that he has not tranſlated ten verſes to-

[l] Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom.
[m] Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12.
[n] Ib. p. 14. [o] Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Hom. p. 91. [p] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.

would not underſtand his Author [s]. This ſhew how fit Mr. D. may be to tranſlate *Homer!* A miſtake in a ſingle letter might fall on the Printe well enough, but ἴλχως for ἴχως muſt be the erro of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Preſs [t]. Mr. Dryden writes for the Cour Ladies—He writes for the Ladies, and not fo uſe [u].

The Tranſlator puts in a little Burleſque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheate Subſcribers [w].

Mr. DRYDEN trick'd his Subſcribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but b conſcious of his own unfitneſs for it, ſhould go t amuſe the learned world with ſuch an undertaking A man ought to value his Reputation more tha Money; and not to hope that thoſe who can rea for themſelves, will be impoſed upon, merely b a partially and unſeaſonably celebrated Name [x] *Poetis quidlibet audendi* ſhall be Mr. Dryden's Motto though it ſhould extend to picking of pockets [y].

Names beſtowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE] A crafty Ape dreſt up in a gawdy gow —Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play prank

[s] Pag. 206. [t] Pag. 19. [u] Pag. 144. 190.
[w] Pag. 67. [x] Pag. 192. [y] Pag. 125.

ther in any book of Homer with juſtice to the et, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers th not underſtanding Greek [q]. He has ſtuck ſo tle to his Original as to have his knowledge in reek called in queſtion [r]. I ſhould be glad to now which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which s ſo delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen ho judge like Ladies [s].

But he has a notable talent at Burleſque; his geius ſlides ſo naturally into it, that he hath burleſqued lomer without deſigning it [t].

Mr. POPE trick'd his Subſcribers.

'Tis indeed ſomewhat bold, and almoſt prodigius, for a ſingle man to undertake ſuch a work: But 'tis too late to diſſuade by demonſtrating the nadneſs of the Project. The Subſcribers expectaions have been raiſed in proportion to what their 'ockets have been drained of [u]. Pope has been oncerned in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Bookellers [w].

Names beſtowed on Mr. POPE.

An APE] Let us take the initial letter of his Chriſtian name, and initial and final letters of his

[q] Daily Jour. April 23, 1728. [r] Suppl. to the Proind, Pref. [s] Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 66. [t] Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. [u] Homerides, p. 1. &c. [w] Britiſh Journ. Nov. 25, 1727.

with—None but Apiſh and Papiſh brats will he him [z].

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no m burden than is ſufficient for his ſtrength, but th is another beaſt that crouches under all [a].

A Frog.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Mar Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, wh would ſwell to the bulk of an Ox [b].

A Coward] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a n of Mr. Dryden's own Courage [c].

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, Knave of Jeſus Chriſt: And if I mikaſte not, I read ſomewhere of John Dryden, Servant to Majeſty [d].

A Fool.] Had he not been ſuch a ſelf-conceit Fool [e].—Some great Poets are poſitive Blockhead

A Thing.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden [f].

[z] Whip and Key, Pref. [a] Milb. p. 105. [b] Pag. [c] Pag. 176. [d] P. 57. [e] Whip and Key, [f] Milb. p. 34. [g] Ibid. p. 35.

me, *viz.* APE, and they give you the ſame of an Ape as his Face [x], *&c.*

Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's ſkin this little Aſs [y].

Frog.] A ſquab ſhort Gentleman — a little ure that, like the Frog in the Fable, ſwells, ngry that it is not allowed to be as big as an

Coward.] A lurking-way-laying coward [a].

Knave.] He is one whom God and nature have ed for want of common honeſty [b].

Fool.] Great Fools will be chriſtened by the s of great Poets, and Pope will be called er [c].

thing.] A little abject Thing [d].

ennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. [y] Dennis's on Hom. Pref. [x] Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of ck, Pref. p. 9. [a] Char. of Mr. P. pag. 3. [c] Dennis Rem. on Homer p. 37. [d] Ibid. p. 8.

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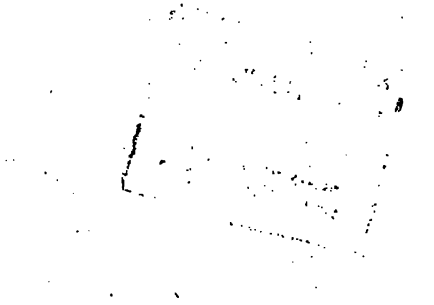

Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier
Immortal Heirs of universal Praise!
Oh may some Spark of your celestial
The last, the meanest of your Sons

MITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

EPISTOLA VII.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
Maecenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque
Designatorum decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
Adducit febris, et testamenta resignat.
Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet,
Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviset
Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.

PISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

IS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
ang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
ve kept it—as you do at Court.
u humour me when I am ſick,
ıy not when I am ſplenetick?
town, what Objects could I meet?
e ſhops ſhut up in ev'ry ſtreet,
d Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,
d yet more melancholy Whores:
d what a duſt in every place?
d a thin Court that wants your Face,
d Fevers raging up and down,
d W* and H** both in Town!
'The Dog-days are no more the caſe."
s true, but Winter comes apace:
en ſouthward let your bard retire,
ld out ſome Months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
d you ſhall ſee the firſt warm Weather,
and the Butterflies together.

Non, quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes
Tu me feciſti locupletem. Veſcere ſodes.
Jam ſatis eſt. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non inviſa feres pueris munuſcula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam ſi dimittar onuſtus.
Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et ſtultus donat quae ſpernit et odit:
Haec ſeges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et ſapiens, dignis ait eſſe paratus!
Nec tamen ignorat, quid diſtent aera lupinis?
Dignum praeſtabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod ſi me noles uſquam diſcedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros auguſta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui; reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.

d your Favours well I know;
Diſtinction you beſtow;
ev'ry one that comes,
cotſman does his Plums,
ce them, Sir—Enough's a Feaſt:
e, and pocket up the reſt"—
your Boys? thoſe pretty rogues!
, you'll leave them to the Hogs."
s with Compliments beſiege ye,
never to oblige ye.
ar Favours on a Fop,
e's the certain crop;
ut juſt, I'll tell ye wherefore,
the things you never care for.
n always is or ſhou'd
ready to do good:
a diff'rence in his thought
Guinea and a Groat.
is I'll ſay, you'll find in me
mpanion, and a free;
d have me always near—
pray, in your Honour's ear.
is your Reſolution
ne back my Conſtitution!
htly Wit, the lively Eye,
ging Smile, the Gaiety,
h'd down many a Summer Sun,
you up ſo oft till one:

Forte per anguſtam tenuis vulpecula rimam
Repſerat in cumeram frumenti: paſtaque, rurſus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore fruſtra,
Cui muſtela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere iſtinc;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra ſubiſti.
Hac ego ſi compellor imagine, cuncta reſigno;
Nec ſomnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Saepe verecundum laudaſti: Rexque, Paterque
Audiſti coram, nec verbo parcius abſens:
Inſpice, ſi poſſum donota reponere laetus.

* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

d all that voluntary Vein,
when Belinda rais'd my Strain.
A Weaſel once made ſhift to ſlink
at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;
having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
ild not get out as he got in;
ich one belonging to the Houſe
was not a Man, it was a Mouſe)
erving, cry'd, "You ſcape not ſo,
ean as you came, Sir, you muſt go."
ir, you may ſpare your Application,
no ſuch Beaſt, nor his Relation;
one that Temperance advance,
nm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:
emely ready to reſign
that may make me none of mine.
h-ſea Subſcriptions take who pleaſe,
ve me but Liberty and Eaſe.
as what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
prais'd my Modeſty, and ſmil'd.
e me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
Bread, and Independency!
ought an Annual Rent or two,
liv'd——juſt as you ſee I do;
r fifty, and without a Wife,
ſt that ſinking Fund, my Life.
I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
nk back to my Paternal Cell,

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agen
Clarus, etc.

SATIRA VI.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magn
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fon
Et paulum ſilvae ſuper his foret. auctius, atque
Di melius fecere. bene eſt. nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, niſi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.

A little Houſe, with Trees a-row,
And, like its Maſter, very low.
There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worſe nor better.
To ſet this matter full before ye,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
" Harley, the Nation's great Support,"—
But you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

SATIRE VI.

The Firſt Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr. SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wiſh'd that I had clear
For life, ſix hundred pounds a year,
A handſome Houſe to lodge a Friend,
A River at my garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, ſet out to plant a Wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I aſk not to encreaſe my ſtore;
' But here a Grievance ſeems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 'twould ſound more clever,
' To me and to my Heirs for ever.

Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec ſum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror ſtultus nihil horum, O ſi angulus
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agell
O ſi urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monſtret!
Theſauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipſum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule, ſi, quod adeſt, gratum juvat! ha
oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, et caetera pra
Ingenium; utque ſoles, cuſtos mihi maxim
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe
Quid prius illuſtrem Satiris Muſaque pedeſt
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus
Autumnuſque gravis, Libitinae quaeſtus ac
Matutine pater, ſeu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitaeque lab
Inſtituunt, (ſic Dis placitum) tu carminis ef
Principium: Romae ſponſorem me rapis:

e'er got or loſt a groat,
Trick, or any Fault;
pray by Reaſon's rules,
like Forty other Fools:
"Vouchſafe, oh Gracious Maker!
it me this and t'other Acre:
it be thy Will and Pleaſure,
ny Plow to find a Treaſure:"
what my Station fits,
be kept in my right wits,
, Almighty Providence!
it you gave me, Competence:
me in theſe ſhades compoſe
ng in Verſe as true as Proſe;
d from all th' Ambitious Scene,
F'd by Pride, nor ſunk by Spleen.'
t, I'm perfectly content,
it live on this ſide Trent;
the Channel twice a year,
ſix Months with Stateſmen here.
by all means come to town,
ie ſervice of the Crown.
the Dean will be of uſe,
or him up, take no excuſe."
the danger of the Seas,
niſters ne'er think of theſe;
:oſt five hundred pound,
:r where the money's found,

Ne prior officio quiſquam reſpondeat, urgue:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Poſtmodo, quod mî obſit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.
Quid tibi vis, inſane? et quas res agis? improbus urguet
Iratis precibus. tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Maecenatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt; ne mentiar. at ſimul atras
Ventum eſt Eſquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa ſaliunt latus. Ante ſecundam

is but ſo much more in debt,
ıd that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
" Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,
Let my Lord know you're come to town."
hurry me in haſte away,
ɔt thinking it is Levee-day;
ıd find his Honour in a Pound,
ɛmm'd by a triple Circle round,
ıequer'd with Ribbons blue and green:
ɔw ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
ɔme Wag obſerves me thus perplext,
nd ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To juſtle here among a croud."
nother in a ſurly fit,
ells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
So eager to expreſs your love,
You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
But rudely preſs before a Duke."
own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
ınd take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the World ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw;
When twenty Fools I never ſaw
ome with Petitions fairly penn'd,
)eſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his Caſe—
'hat, begs my int'reſt for a Place—

Roſcius orabat ſibi adeſſes ad Puteal cras.
De re communi ſcribae magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminiſſes, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Maecenas ſigna tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et inſtat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere ſuorum
In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota eſt? Threx eſt Gallina Syro par.
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quae rimoſa bene deponuntur in aure.

. hundred other Men's affairs,
ike bees, are humming in my ears.
To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
Without your help the Cauſe is gone—
he Duke expects my Lord and you,
bout ſome great Affair, at Two—
Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my Warrant quickly ſign'd:
Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt.—
e ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt:—
hen preſently he falls to teize,
You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
I doubt not, if his Lordſhip knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
October next it will be four)
nce HARLEY bid me firſt attend,
nd choſe me for an humble friend;
Could take me in his Coach to chat,
nd queſtion me of this and that:
s, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the Wind?
Whoſe Chariot's that we left behind"?
r gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs;
r, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?
uch tattle often entertains
ly Lord and me as far as Stains,

Per totum hoc tempus, ſubjectior in diem et ho
Invidiae noſter. ludos ſpectaverit una;
Luſerit in campo: Fortunae filius, omnes.
Frigidus a Roſtris manat per compita rumor:
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit; O bone (t
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oporcet
Num quid de Dacis audiſti? Nil equidem. U
Semper eris deriſor! At omnes Di exagitent m
Sira quicquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa Tr
Praedia Caeſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me ſcire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.

a week we travel down
lſor, and again to Town,
ll that paſſes, *inter nos*,
: proclaim'd at Charing-Croſs.
me I know with envy ſwell,
hey ſee me us'd ſo well:
hink you of our Friend the Dean?
ler what ſome people mean;
)rd and he are grown ſo great,
's together, *téte a téte*,
they admire him for his jokes—
ıt the fortune of ſome Folks!
es about a ſtrange report
expreſs arriv'd at Court;
'd by all the fools I meet,
chis'd in every ſtreet.
Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
ı us, will the Emp'ror treat?
the Prints and Papers lye?
', you know as much as I.
)ctor, how you love to jeſt?
ow no ſecret"—I proteſt
to me—"Then tell us, pray,
are the Troops to have their pay?
)' I ſolemnly declare
o more than my Lord Mayor,
ıd amaz'd, and think me grown
:ſt mortal ever known.

Perditur haec inter miſero lux; non ſine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitae jucunda oblivia vitae?
O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo?
O noctes coenaeque Deûm! quibus ipſe meique,
Ante Larem proprium veſcor, vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inaequales calices conviva, ſolutus
Legibus inſanis: ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; ſeu modicis uveſcit laetius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad r
Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos:
Et quae ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.

THUS in a ſea of folly toſs'd,
My choiceſt Hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my Country ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome antient Book,
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe Cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My Friends above, my Folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon ſet before 'em,
The Grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And ev'n the very Dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A Neighbour's Madneſs, or his Spouſe's,
Or what's in either of the Houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of Merit, or a Miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?

Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. ſi quis nam laudat Arelli
Solicitas ignarus opes; ſic incipit: Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum;
Aſper, et attentus quaeſitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum. quid multa? neque ille
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, ſemeſaque lardi
Fruſta dedit, cupiens varia faſtidia coena
Vincere tangentis male ſingula dente ſuperbo:
Cum pater ipſe domus palea porrectus in horna
Eſſet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorſo?

Our Friend Dan Prior, told (you know)
A Tale extremely *à propos:*
Tame a Town Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of two Mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the Fable)
A Country Mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouſe at his Board,
juſt as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouſe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his Gueſt tho' no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our Courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my Friend, this ſavage Scene!
"For God's ſake, come and live with Men:
"Conſider, Mice, like Men, muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in Joy and Sport,
"(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)

Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere ſylvis
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terreſtria quandò
Mortales animas vivunt ſortita, neque ulla eſt,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quam ſis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta
Agreſtem pepulere, domo levis exſilit: inde
Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Moenia nocturni ſubrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium coeli ſpatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos;
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula coena,
Quae procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,
Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.

The verieſt Hermit in the Nation
lay yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
way they come, thro' thick and thin,
'o a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn;
Twas on the night of a Debate,
/hen all their Lordſhips had ſate late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet
ain'd in Deſcription, he might ſhow it;
'ell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
nd tips with Silver all the walls;
alladian walls, Venetian doors,
rotesco roofs, and Stucco floors:
ut let it (in a word) be ſaid,
'he Moon was up, and Men a bed,
'he Napkins white, the Carpet red:
'he Gueſts withdrawn had left the Treat,
nd down the Mice ſate, *tête à tête.*
Our Courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
aſtes for his Friend of Fowl and Fiſh;
ells all their names, lays down the law,
Que ça eſt bon? Ah goutez ça!
That Jelly's rich, this Malmſey healing,
Pray, dip your Whiſkers and your Tail in."
'as ever ſuch a happy Swain?
e ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good,

Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte, boniſque
Rebus agit laetum convivam: cum ſubito ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magiſque
Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus. tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita
Eſt opus hac, ait, et valeas: me ſylva, cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

a thouſand thanks to give—
rd alone knows how to live."
ſaid, but from the Hall
plain, Butler, Dogs and all:
a Rat! clap to the door—
:omes bouncing on the floor.
heart of Homer's Mice,
to ſave them in a trice!
Providence they think,
damn'd Stucco has no chink.)
eaſe your Honour, quoth the Peaſant,
me Deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
ıe again my hollow Tree,
ł of Bread, and Liberty!

LIBER IV.

ODE I.

Ad VENEREM.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
Rurſus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
Non ſum qualis eram bonae
Sub regno Cynarae. deſine, dulcium
Mater ſaeva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domum
Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Comiſſabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late ſigna feret militiae tuae.
Et, quandoque potentior

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

To VENUS.

AGAIN? new Tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.
h ſound no more thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy Charms.
lother too fierce of dear Deſires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
o *Number five* direct your Doves,
There ſpread round MURRAY all your blooming Loves;
loble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With ev'ry ſprightly, ev'ry decent part:
qual, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.
le, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
'o him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
'hen ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:

Largi muneribus riſerit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthia
Delectabere tibia
Mixtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem ſeque
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

uſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
d to ſocial life and ſocial love,
itter o'er the pendent green,
e Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
, the ſilver-ſounding lyres
call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;
ev'ry Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
the dance, or animate the ſong;
ouths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
e, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
ne the vernal garlands bloom no more.
fond hope of mutual fire,
ſtill-believing, ſtill renew'd deſire;
the heart-expanding bowl,
all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul!
y? ah tell me, ah too dear!
s down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
ords ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
reſt in Fancy's airy beam,
nt I follow thro' th' extended Dream;
ow I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my arms;
iftly ſhoot along the Mall,
ftly glide by the Canal,
own by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
now, on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

LIBER IV.

ODE IX.

NE forte credas interitura, quae
Longe ſonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis;

Non, ſi priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceaeque, et Alcaei minaces
Steſichorique graves Camenae:

Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urguentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

Part of the NINTH ODE

Of the FOURTH BOOK.

LEST you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die,
Which ſounds the Silver Thames along.
Taught, on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar ſong;

Tho' daring Milton fits ſublime,
In Spenſer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay——

Sages and Chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Cæſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Theſe rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Thoſe, new Heav'ns and Syſtems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

[ISCELLANIES.

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD, and Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
'Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld! and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to HARLEY dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For SWIFT and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)

Epiſt. to Robert Earl of Oxford.] This Epiſtle was ſent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's poems publiſhed by our Author, after the ſaid Earl's Impriſonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721.

Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of Int'reſt, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewel.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy various Day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPISTLE

To JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq.
SECRETARY of STATE.

Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhew, or needs to hide,
ich nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
l boaſts a Warmth that from no Paſſion flows.
'ace untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
ıt darts ſevere upon a riſing Lye,
l ſtrikes a bluſh thro' frontleſs Flattery.
this thou wert, and being this before,
)w, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
:n ſcorn to gain a Friend by ſervile ways,
r wiſh to loſe a Foe theſe Virtues raiſe;
candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
ceed—a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man.
not (exalted to whate'er degree)
ıam'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
e Patriot's plain, but untrod, path purſue;
ıot, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of You.

Secretary of State] In the Year 1720.

How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall, well-poliſh'd Gem, the * work of years
Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſt
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
An Angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muſe! at that Name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurprize,
And other Beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.

Oh laſting as thoſe Colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;

* Freſnoy employed above twenty years in finiſhing his Poe

New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more thro' happineſs than pains.
The kindred Arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung 'till Granvill's Myra dye:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſer'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTL

To Miſs BLOUNT

With the Works of VOITU

IN theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-t
His heart, his miſtreſs, and his friend did ſhar
His time, the Muſe, the witty and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
Till fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling Infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd bef
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſigh
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's de
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
long, exact, and ſerious Comedy;
ev'ry ſcene ſome Moral let it teach,
nd, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
:t mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
nd more diverting ſtill than regular,
ave Humour, Wit, a native Eaſe and Grace,
hough not too ſtrictly bound to Time and Place:
ritics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe,
:w write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.
Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
:were to all, but moſt to Womankind;
uſtom, grown blind with Age, muſt be your guide;
our pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
y Nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
lade Slaves by honour, and made Fools by ſhame.
larriage may all thoſe petty Tyrants chaſe,
ut ſets up one, a greater in their place;
Vell might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt,
ut the laſt Tyrant ever proves the worſt.
till in conſtraint your ſuff'ring Sex remains,
r bound in formal, or in real chains:
Vhole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
he fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
.h quit not the free innocence of life,
or the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
lor let falſe Shews, nor empty Titles pleaſe:
.im not at Joy, but reſt content with Eaſe.

The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mar
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to compleat her bliſs, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward
She ſighs, and is no Dutcheſs at her heart.

But, Madam, if the fates withſtand, and y
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, Age or Sickneſs, ſoon or late diſarms
Good humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the p
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus *Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſa
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name:
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they cha
Their Wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill u

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyſian co
Amid thoſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:

* Madamoiſelle Paulet.

l, while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
nds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
righteſt eyes of France inſpir'd his Muſe;
righteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
ead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
r charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

PISTLE

To the ſame.

her leaving the Town after the CORONATION.

S ſome fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome Country air;
hen ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
ear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
kes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
thers happy, and with ſighs withdrew;

ation] Of King George the firſt, 1715.

Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe we
She went, to plain-work, and to purling broo
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking ro
She went from Op'ra, Park, Aſſembly, Play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a d
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow Clock, and dine exact at noon
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the ſquire;
Up to her godly garret after ſeven,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to hea
Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to ra
Whoſe game is Whiſk, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſa
Who viſits with a gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—No wo
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the ſta
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a tab
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coar
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe
In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See Coronations riſe on ev'ry green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and g
Knights,

While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your Slave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you;
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs ruſh upon my ſight;
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look four, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

THE

BASSET-TABL

AN

ECLOGUE

CARDELIA. SMILINDA

CARDELIA.

THE *Baſſet-Table* ſpread, the *Tallier* come
Why ſtays SMILINDA in the Dreſſing-Roo
Riſe, penſive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, ſince my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.

The Baſſet-Table.] Only this of all the Town Eclogues Mr. Pope's; and is here printed from a copy correcte his own hand.---The humour of it lies in this, that the o in love with the *Game*, and the other with the *Sharper*.

I ſaw him ſtand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs which cheat the liſt'ning Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your Romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As You by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſs't;
One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septieva's* have loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With eaſe, the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign:
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover loſt, is but a common care;
And prudent Nymphs againſt that change prepare:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice loſt: Oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke, this unforeſeen Diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY ſhall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;

Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By *Cards' Ill Uſage*, or by *Lovers loſt*.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want ſome Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought,
See on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid ſtrive;
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
Upon the bottom ſhines the Queen's bright Fac
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Caſe.
Jove, Jove himſelf, does on the Scizars ſhine;
The Metal, and the Workmanſhip, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-box*,—once the pledge of SHAR love,
When rival beauties for the Preſent ſtrove;
At *Corticelli*'s he the Raffle won;
Then firſt his Paſſion was in public ſhown:
HAZARDIA bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*,—on the Hinge ſee Brilliants ſh
This *Snuff-Box* will I ſtake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

as! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
: made a Soldier ſigh, a Lover ſwear.
Oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
s my own Lord that drew the *fatal ard*,
ɔmplaiſance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
my own ſecret wiſh was for the *Knave*.
Knave won *Sonica*, which I had choſe;
the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I loſe.

SMILINDA.

.t ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
cruel thought, that ſtabs me to the heart;
curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair,
'hoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
ɔwes to me the very charms ſhe wears.
ukward Thing, when firſt ſhe came to Town;
Shape unfaſhion'd, and her Face unknown:
was my friend; I taught her firſt to ſpread
ı her ſallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
'oduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
by my int'reſt, *Cozens* made her Stays.
rateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
lares to ſteal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

'retch that I was, how often have I ſwore,
:n WINNALL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more!

I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;
And ſee the Folly, which I cannot ſhun.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known Falſhoods could no Warning prov
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd
To gaze on *Baſſet*, and remain unwarm'd!
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are ſet in decent r
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the ſhining train;
The Winner's pleaſure, and the Loſer's pain:
In bright Confuſion open *Rouleaus* lye,
They ſtrike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain;
My Paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein,
Look upon *Baſſet*, you who Reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if Reaſon muſt not *there* be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart comp
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his Bluſhes riſe
When awful Love ſeems melting in his Eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
He Loves,—I whiſper to myſelf, *He Loves!*

ch unfeign'd Paſſion in his Looks appears,
oſe all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
y panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
ield at once, and ſink into his arms.
ink of that moment, you who Prudence boaſt;
r ſuch a moment, Prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter*'s, batter'd Bullies play,
me DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
t who the Bowl, or ratt'ling Dice compares
Baſſet's heav'nly Joys, and pleaſing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;
UDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
heir ſeveral graces in my SHARPER meet;
rong as the Footman, as the Maſter ſweet.

LOVET.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
grow impatient, and the Tea's too ſtrong.
ttend, and yield to what I now decide;
he *Equipage* ſhall grace SMILINDA's Side:
he *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,
low leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

Verbatim from BOILEAU.

Un Jour dit un Auteur, etc.

ONCE (ſays our Author, where I need not ſay)
Two Travellers found an Oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While Scale in hand Dame *Juſtice* paſt along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter and would win the cauſe.
Dame *Juſtice* weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays *Juſtice*) take ye each a *Shell*.
We thrive at *Weſtminſter* on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyſter—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Queſtion of Mrs. Howe.

WHAT is Prudery?
'Tis a Beldam,
:en with Wit and Beauty ſeldom.
'ls a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows.
'is, (no, 'tisn't) like Miſs *Meadows*.
'is a Virgin hard of Feature,
ld, and void of all good nature;
:an and fretful; would ſeem wiſe;
:t plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'is an ugly envious Shrew,
hat rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

)ccaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
:t Crowds of Critics now my verſe aſſail,
:t Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail;

This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A

PROLOGUE

By Mr. POPE.

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great Diſtreſs, a little before his Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign,
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* ſlain,
Lay Fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe:
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?

VER. 6. *But pitied Beliſarius, etc.*] Nothing could be more happily imagined than this alluſion, or finelier conducted. And the continued pleaſantry ſo delicately touched, that it took nothing from the ſelf ſatisfaction the Critic, who heard it, had in his merit, or the Audience in their charity. With

Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?
Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise,
When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce
Against the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with Thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER's hope!
Saul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
Is there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
Is there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;
Is there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to night his just assistance lend,
And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* Friend.

How masterly a hand has the Poet prosecuted, in this benevolent irony, that end, which he supposed Dennis himself, had not the wit to see, would have the ingenuity to approve.

This dreaded Satirist, Dennis will confess,
Foe *to his pride, but* Friend *to his Distress.*

VER. 7. *Was there a chief, etc.*] The fine figure of the Commander in that capital Picture of Belisarius at Chiswick, supplied the Poet with this beautiful idea.

MACER:

A

CHARACTER.

WHEN ſimple *Macer*, now of high renown,
Firſt ſought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' Ambition his high ſoul could feel,
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some Ends of verſe his Betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
Set up with theſe he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.
There he ſtop'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle:
But has the Wit to make the moſt of little:
Like ſtunted hide-bound Trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd
Trudges to town, and firſt turns Chambermaid;
Awkward and ſupple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;

ght wondrous honeſt, tho' of mean degree,
rangely liked for her *Simplicity:*
anſlated Suit, then tries the Town,
borrow'd Pins and Patches not her own:
ıſt endur'd the Winter ſhe began,
n four Months a batter'd Harridan.
ıothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
.wd for others, and go ſhares with Punk.

---

o Mr. JOHN MOORE,

THOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

)W much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
:'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
Humankind are Worms.

s a very Worm by birth,
:, Reptile, weak, and vain!
ile he crawls upon the earth,
en ſhrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er ſince our Grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That antient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their riſe,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus Worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen
By all their winding play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore!* thy ſkill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who ſett'ſt our entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'ſt adjourn
Some few ſhort years, no more!
Ev'n *Button*'s Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG, by a Perſon of Quality,

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature muſt give Way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days conſuming,
All beneath yon ſlow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Diſcretion*, ſtring the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Cryſtal Mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian Plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypreſs, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth *Mæander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd,

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to Fate.

On a Certain LADY at COURT.

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon;
(Envy be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a Friend.

Nor warp'd by Paſſion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, nor gay thro' Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And ſenſible ſoft Melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then (Envy ſays) Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver:
When all the World conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham

COMPOSED OF

Marbles, Spars, Gemms, Ores, and Minerals.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where *Thames'* tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the ſhadowy Cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs diſtill,
And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
Unpoliſh'd Gemms no Ray on Pride beſtow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:

VARIATIONS.

After v. 6. in the MS.

You ſee that Iſland's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels not Tyranny.

i. e. Britain is the only place on the globe which feels not Tyranny even to its very entrails. Alluding to the condemnation of Criminals to the Mines, one of the inflictions of civil juſtice in moſt Countries. The thought was exceeding natural and proper in this place, where the Poet was deſcribing a Grotto incruſted and adorned with all ſorts of Minerals collected, by the means of commerce, from the four quarters of the Globe.

NOTES.

On his Grotto.] The improving and finiſhing his Grotto was the favourite amuſement of his declining Years; and the beauty of his poetic genius, in the diſpoſition and ornaments of this romantic receſs, appears to as much advantage as in his beſt contrived Poems.

Approach. Great NATURE ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the Mine without a wiſh for Gold.
Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Egerian Grott,
Where, nobly penſive, St. JOHN ſate and thought;
Where, *Britiſh* ſighs from dying WYNDHAM ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' MARCHMONT's Soul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. *Where Britiſh ſighs from dying Wyndham ſtole,*] In his MS. it was thus,

To Wyndham's breaſt the patriot paſſions ſtole,

which made the whole allude to a certain Anecdote of not much conſequence to any but the parties concerned.

NOTES.

VER. 9. *Ægerian Grott*] Alluding to Numa's projecting his ſyſtem of Politics in this Grott, aſſiſted, as he gave out, by the Goddeſs Ægeria.

TO

Mrs. M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY.

OH be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and a Friend:
Not with thoſe Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.

With added years if Life bring nothing ne
But like a Sieve let ev'ry bleſſing thro',
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former year.

Let Joy or Eaſe, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or Extaſy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 15. Originally thus in the MS.
And oh ſince Death muſt that fair frame deſtroy,
Dye, by ſome ſudden Extaſy of Joy;
In ſome ſoft dream may thy mild ſoul remove,
And be thy lateſt gaſp a Sigh of Love.

o Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his Birth-day, 1742.

ESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin, but poetry,
iis day TOM's fair account has run
/ithout a blot) to eighty one.
nd Boyle, before his poet, lays
table, with a cloth of bays;
id Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
eſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
ie feaſt, his tow'ring genius marks
yonder wild gooſe and the larks!
ie muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden!
id for his judgment, lo a pudden!
)aſt beef, tho' old, proclaims him ſtout,
id grace, altho' a bard, devout.
ay TOM, whom heav'n ſent down to raiſe
he price of prologues and of plays,

VER. 5. *A table*] He was invited to dine on his birth-day th this Nobleman, who had prepared for him the enter- nment of which the bill of fare is here ſet down.
VER. 8. *Preſents her harp*] The harp is generally wove on e Iriſh Linen; ſuch as Table-cloths, *etc.*
VER. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays,*] This alludes a ſtory Mr. Southern told of Dryden, about the ſame time,

Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

to Mr. P. and Mr. W. When Southern firſt wrote for ſtage, Dryden was ſo famous for his Prologues that the pla would act nothing without that decoration. His uſual p till then had been four guineas: But when Southern cam him for the Prologue he had beſpoke, Dryden told him muſt have ſix guineas for it; "which (ſaid he) young m "is out of no diſreſpect to you; but the players have "my goods too cheap."---We now look upon theſe *logues* with the ſame admiration that the Virtuoſi do on Apothecaries pots painted by Raphael.

PITAPHS.

is ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
unere ! VIRG.

I.

n CHARLES Earl of DORSET,

n the Church of Withyam in Suſſex.

ORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes' Pride,
on of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
ſcourge of Pride, tho' ſanctified or great,
'ops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:

itaphs.] Theſe little compoſitions far exceed any thing ive of the ſame kind from other hands; yet, if we ex- he *Epitaph on the young Duke of Buckingham*, and perhaps r two more, they are not of equal force with the reſt ir Author's writings. The nature of the Compoſition is delicate; and generally it was a taſk impoſed on him; ie rarely complied with requeſts of this nature, as we ee by the ſmall number of theſe poems, but where the t was worthy of his pen.

Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Sat'riſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt Cour[illegible]o could King and Country pl
Y[illegible]crec[illegible]is Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS ſhin
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

For random praiſe the Work would ne'er be done:
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son:
Each Widow aſks it for the beſt of Men;
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds again.

Yet when theſe elegiac movements came freely from heart, he mourns in ſuch ſtrains as ſhew he was equa maſter of this kind of Compoſition with every oth undertook, as the following lines in the *Epiſtle to* may witneſs; which would have made the fineſt Epita the world:

Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who having reſigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Eaſthamſted in Berkſhire, 1716.

A Pleaſing Form; a firm but cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent, conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Princip[illegible]
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate [illegible]
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patri[illegible]
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth;
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT; at the Church of Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordſhire, 1720.

TO this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art! near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt d
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might di
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeal
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone
And, with a Father's ſorrows, mix his own!

IV.

n JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
INCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXV,
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

iteſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
ho broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
ho gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
nobled by Himſelf, by All approv'd,
ais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr. Rowe,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

THY reliques, Rowe, to this fair Urn we truſt,
And ſacred, place by Dryden's awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.

VARIATIONS.

It is as follows, on the Monument in the Abbey erected to Rowe and his Daughter.

Thy Reliques, Rowe! to this ſad ſhrine we truſt,
And near thy Shakespear place thy honour'd buſt.
Oh, next him, ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more diſdain'd a ſlave.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt;
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
And bleſt, that timely from our ſcene remov'd,
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To theſe ſo mourn'd in death, ſo lov'd in life!
The childleſs parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inſcribes this monumental ſtone,
That holds their aſhes and expects her own.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was

Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

This SHEFFIELD *rais'd. The ſacred Duſt below*
Was DRYDEN *once: The reſt who does not know?*

which the Author ſince changed into the plain inſcription now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet.

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9, 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe:
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf, deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heav'n, as its pureſt gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Siſter MARY, erected by their Father the LORD DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorſetſhire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in ſuff'rings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great.
Juſt of thy word, in ev'ry thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
And thou, bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive hath follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take theſe Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a Stone, a Verſe receive;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER, In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of praiſe.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herſelf may die.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

Raphael, timuit, quo ſoſpite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et morienti, mori.

IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS, In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy Social love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay, (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Eaſthamſted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modeſt Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt Man:
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On Mr. GAY,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are Thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—*Here* lies GAY.

VER. 12. *Here lies Gay.*] i. e. in the hearts of the good and worthy.—Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally underſtood. For by peculiar ill luck, the *formulary* expreſſion, which makes the beauty, miſleads the reader into a ſenſe which takes it quite away.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON, In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Teſtantur *Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:*

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD ſaid, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

XIII.

On Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Biſhop of Rocheſter.

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
Till you are duſt like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs Ghoſt!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country loſt!

Is there on Earth one care, one wiſh beſide?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,
—He ſaid, and dy'

* *Save my Country, Heav'n*] Alluding to the Biſhop's fr
uſe and application of the expiring words of the famo
ther PAUL, in his prayer for the ſtate, ESTO PERP
With how good a grace the Biſhop applied it at his tri
is here made to refer to it in his laſt moments, the
underſtand who know what conformity there was
lives of the Prelate and the Monk. The character
countryman is well known. And that of the Father
told in very few words. He was profoundly ſkilled
divine and human learning: He employed his whole
the ſervice of the *State*, againſt the unjuſt incroachm
the *Church*. He was modeſt, humble, and forgiving, c
patient, and juſt; free from all prejudices of party,
the projects of ambition; in a word, the happieſt com
of Science, Wiſdom, and Virtue.

XIV.

1 EDMUND D. of BUCKINGHAM,

10 died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
ld ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from fate,
ıdd one Patriot to a ſinking ſtate:
ı weeping marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
adly told, how many hopes lie here!
living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
nd the ſhade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
/hom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
s in the milder Merit of the Heart;
. Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n
ı the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

XV.

For One who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

HEROES, and KINGS! your diſtance keep,
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

Another, on the ſame.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay, of the Mortal within:
But who, living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in GOD, that as well as he was, he ſhall be.

FINIS.